

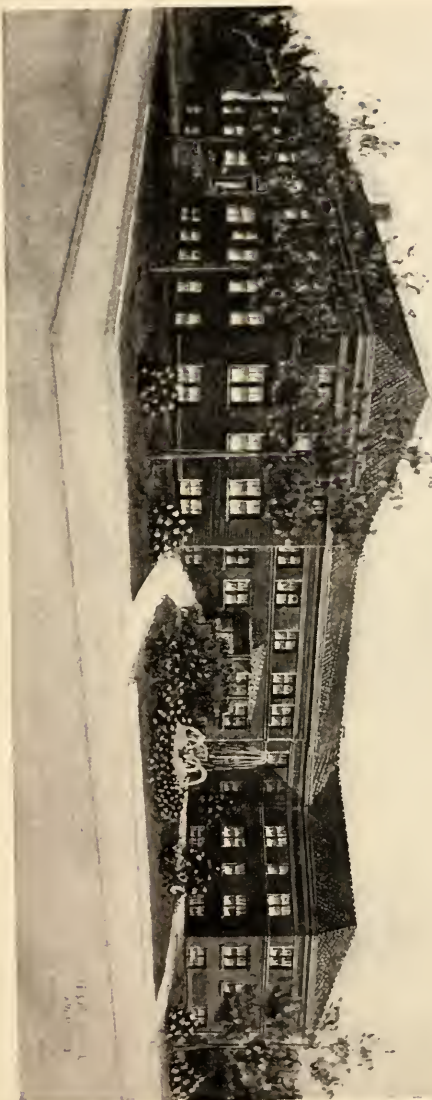


AUNT LIZZIE AIKEN.



Aunt Lizzie

Aunt Lizzie Aiken Memorial of the Baptist Old People's Home,
Maywood, near Chicago, 1913



THE STORY
OF
AUNT LIZZIE AIKEN.

BY
MRS. GALUSHA ANDERSON.

Sixth Edition.

ELLEN M. SPRAGUE, CHICAGO,
350 MARSHFIELD AVENUE.

SAUK VALLEY COLLEGE
LIBRARY,

3710

COPYRIGHT.

JANSEN, McCLURG & COMPANY.

A. D. 1880.

G. R. DONNELLEY & SONS, THE LAKESIDE PRESS, PRINTERS.

F
540
A23

This woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did
—ACTS IX, 36.

It is prodigious the quantity of good that may be done by one man,
if he will but make a business of it.

FRANKLIN.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in this naughty world.

—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I have showed you all things, how that laboring ye ought to support
the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said,
it is more blessed to give than to receive.

—ACTS XX, 35.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. Early Days	9
II. Pioneer Life	26
III. Discipline	49
IV. "Aunt Lizzie"	69
V. In the General Hospitals	99
VI. First Two Years in Chicago	135
VII. In the Sunday School	149
VIII. Aunt Lizzie's Girls' Meeting	165
IX. Among the Sick	173
X. Labors Among the Poor	184
XI. Labors Manifold	200
XII. Prominent Traits	218

THE STORY OF AUNT LIZZIE AIKEN.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

THOUGH a thousand biographies of great and good men and women have been written, there is always room for another, for human life is endless in incident. Though the elements of hundreds of careers are alike, the combinations into which they are cast are infinitely varied.

The Bible and Shakspeare are but arrangements of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, yet who would mistake the one for the other? The beauties of the sunset, though always composed of atmosphere, cloud and sunbeams, change every day.

It has been said that nature never repeats herself. This might even more truly be said of human

life, and especially of Christian life, for when the Sun of Righteousness pours his light upon a human soul, the effects are as varied as those of the natural dawn.

Many have thought that a life so rich in event and work for the Master, as that of Aunt Lizzie has been, should not pass away without some record. Her early life in the West, while it was still a new country; her labors as hospital nurse during the war, and as missionary in the city of Chicago, have each their separate interest. This book is written, not only to tell the story of a noble life, but also that other workers in the great field of humanity may take courage from the varied experiences and gathered wisdom of a veteran.

Eliza N. Atherton was born March 24th, 1817, at the house of her maternal grandfather in Auburn, Cayuga county, New York. Her mother, whose maiden name was Deborah Ward, was the favorite daughter in a large family of sisters and brothers. There is often in such families one daughter, who from greater amiability of disposition and intense filial affection clings closer than the rest to the paternal home, and returns at every opportunity to spend a few more delightful days with her parents. Such a daughter Deborah Atherton appears to have been. Although her home was in Albany, her older children were born at her father's house, and we find her often there on visits.

Thus it happened that little Eliza, or Lizzie, as she has always been called, had two homes during the first years of her life, being first with her mother in Albany, and again spending months at a time with her grandparents at Auburn.

John Ward of Auburn, demands more than a passing notice on account of the moulding influence that he exerted on the character of his granddaughter. Descended from a New England family which had given General Artemus Ward to the revolutionary army, he settled in Auburn prior to 1817, coming there from a farm in the vicinity. When the little Baptist church was formed, he was one of its constituent members. Always a lovely and consistent Christian, he shone as a light set on a candlestick among his kinsfolk and acquaintance, and the earliest religious training, and afterward the conversion of Lizzie Atherton were due, under God, largely to her grandfather.

Indeed one of her earliest recollections is that of standing beside him, singing the old hymns which he loved, in the Court House, where the Baptists at first assembled for both church and Sunday-school services. He had a good ear for music and a sweet voice, and delighted to train his favorite little granddaughter in singing. It was in a measure from his instruction and example that she acquired the habit of comforting the sick and the dying by

the songs of a better land,—a habit, how valuable and consolatory the wounded from many a battle-field could testify. At his house she was perfectly happy. Her impulsive affection had from him a return that caused it to unfold like a flower in the sunshine.

She is remembered by old residents of Auburn as a happy little girl, always singing about her play, tender and loving to the little ones among the children with whom she associated, trudging off to school in the morning as cheerfully as to her sports. When her sister Fanny was born, a feeble child who could not walk till she was three or four years old, Lizzie took her at once into her heart and almost idolized her. Being six years older, she felt like a little mother, and nursed and tended the baby with the greatest devotion.

If Lizzie were happy in Auburn she was no less so in Albany. Few see a more delightful childhood. She attended a school kept by Mrs. Murray, a lovely woman, and an intimate friend of her mother. Once a week she was taken to amuse herself at the old museum, and sometimes on Sunday, walked with her parents in what was called "Jimmy Cane's walk," the gardens of an old Mansion House, that had survived from early times. What a delight were these strolls to the susceptible child. Every flower that bloomed, every bird that sang,

-

found its way into her heart, and has retained a place in her memory all these years.

One of Lizzie's greatest delights was to sit in the old First Baptist church, and listen to her mother singing counter in the choir. Deborah Atherton inherited her father's sweet voice, and to her little daughter it sounded almost like the music of the angels. Not often do mother and child love and cling to each other as these did. A perfect harmony seems always to have existed between them, not only outward, but also even in their thoughts. The mother cherished and appreciated her child, and the daughter, as she grew older, gradually became the stay of her mother's failing health.

When Lizzie was about seven years old, her father took her with him to New York, whither he went to buy goods. Such a trip was quite a journey in those days of slow travel, and was doubly interesting because the puffing little steamboat on which they went was, even then, still one of the novelties of the New World.

They stayed some days in New York, and on their return home Lizzie surprised her mother by appearing in a red cloak and hat, the hat made doubly fine by a long white feather.

In March, 1826, an event occurred which changed the whole current of Lizzie's life. This was the death of her grandfather, Jonathan Atherton, of

Cavendish, Windsor county, Vermont. He came of an English family of Lancashire, whose general history can be traced back for over six hundred years. They were eminently a knightly race, and were allied with many noble families. Jonathan Atherton was born in England, but came to this country after his marriage, and settled at Cavendish, where he owned two large grazing farms. At his death he left the home farm to Lizzie's father, Steadman Atherton, the youngest in a family of five children, with the understanding that he should make it his home and care for his widowed mother. Accordingly, in October of the same year, having wound up his business in Albany, he removed to Cavendish with his wife and two little girls, Lizzie being about nine years old.

This was a great change from either the city of Albany or the town of Auburn. The farm lies ten miles back from the Connecticut River, among the beautiful hills of Southern Vermont. It was a little world in itself, with three immense orchards, pastures for hundreds of sheep, and broad grain fields. The house, built after the olden fashion, round a stack of chimneys as large as a good-sized room, was at that time painted red, and stood on the top of a hill. Down the slope, shaded by the glorious elms of New England, stretched a wide lawn, while near the house, roses and a multitude of

other flowers made the sweet air of the mountains sweeter yet by their fragrance. To the east rose old Ascutney, its green sides dotted with farm-houses. As stores, schools and churches were three miles away, the family lived much by themselves, and many of the articles used on the farm were manufactured there as well. The chief delight of little Eliza was to linger in the wood-house chamber when the spinning and weaving were in progress, or to go to the "shop" where all the mysteries of making sausages, soap, and a hundred other things could be seen, each in its season. Sheep-barns and cattle-barns made grand play-houses in stormy weather.

But though the place was so delightful, and the amusements so varied, the real discipline of life began just here for both Deborah Atherton and her daughter. Grandmother Atherton was a trim little English woman, with white mob-cap and spotless kerchief, proud of her family and her good house-keeping. She held very different ideas about the management of the affairs of both house and farm from her town-bred daughter-in-law. Young Mrs. Atherton did not know how to spin or to weave, to make head-cheese or sausages, to see that the wild plums were gathered for preserves, or the cherries made into cherry-bounce. But all these things were a small part of the work of the farm and were a great bur-

den to a person in feeble health, when added to the care of her many little children; there were ten in all.

Lizzie's trials were of a different kind, but equally severe. Her grandmother looked upon her namesake as a spoiled child,—a petted one she certainly was. She therefore undertook to train her in the way she should go, and many a severe look and little scolding fell to the share of the sensitive child. No doubt it was all intended for her good, and, in God's wise purpose, it no doubt resulted in good to her, but the first effect was almost to break her heart. She could hardly eat if Grandmother were looking at her, and cried herself nearly ill about it. Thus mother and child were drawn closer than ever together, and shared their troubles. In endeavoring to help the parent, who was so dear to her, Lizzie learned many things which proved of inestimable value to her afterwards.

Still, in spite of her trials with her grandmother's old fashioned discipline, Lizzie, after she grew a little used to it, lived a very happy life at Caven-dish. Three miles away, on the other farm, lived her uncle Jonathan Atherton and his wife, Aunt Roxy, for whom one of Lizzie's little sisters was named. With the children of this family she enjoyed most delightful intercourse. She also made frequent visits to a little village called Greenbush,

which nestles under the very shadow of old Ascutney, and which is illuminated by the happiest memories. Here with her three cousins, the daughters of Mrs. Olive Atherton, many of the golden hours of Lizzie's youth were passed.

Through the winter Lizzie went to school, always loving to learn and standing at the head in the spelling and geography classes, but, poor child, away down at the foot in arithmetic, which she hated. In the spring there were endless violets and houstonia in the wide meadows, and lambs in the pastures, to see which Lizzie climbed fences even at the risk of a torn frock, and a bit of reproof from her grandmother.

In the Autumn of 1829, Mrs. Atherton was called to Auburn by the failing health of her father, and took Lizzie with her ; for her grandfather wished to see his favorite once more. He gradually became weaker, until on the afternoon of the fourth of October, the family were called in to see him die. Even in that supreme hour the good man did not think of himself. His peace had long ago been made with God. Being assured of a happy future through Christ, he had

“ A heart at leisure from itself, ”

to think of the good of others. And so when Lizzie threw herself upon his bed in a paroxysm of tears, with all a child's abandonment of grief, his thought

was "how can I leave this pet lamb of mine till she is safe in the fold of the great Shepherd." He resolved to make one more effort to lead her to the Savior.

"Sing," he said, "sing, Lizzie, of Jesus, sing something that grandpa loves."

Choking down the sobs, the little girl began the hymn they had so often sung together in the evening twilight,

"Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms.
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms."

"What made you think of that?" asked the dying saint.

"Because you love it," answered Lizzie.

"Don't you love Jesus?" was the next question.

"No, sir."

"What makes you think that you do not?"

"Because," answered the conscience-stricken child, "because I do not keep his commandments."

Once more came the question, asked with fluttering breath, "Don't you want to love Him?"

"Yes, sir," answered Lizzie, "but I don't know how."

Her grandfather laid his cold hand on her head, and repeated again and again the words, "only trust Him, only trust Him," till his voice was hushed in death. Surely John Ward was faithful even in

death, and went to receive a crown of life. His last wish was granted. Lizzie did trust Jesus then, and her grandfather no doubt took to heaven with him the blessed knowledge that, as he laid down the standard of the cross, his precious grandchild took it up to bear it after him.

Enthusiastic in religion as in everything else, Lizzie was full of joy, even in the midst of her sorrow, and attended the funeral looking beyond the coffin and the grave, and feeling the presence of Jesus a sufficient comfort.

The whole town turned out to show their appreciation of the good man who had left them. The funeral was held in the Baptist church, that he had helped to build, and his fellow deacons were the pall bearers. Other men in Auburn had perhaps been more successful in building up fortunes, but none succeeded better in building a character. He was known and loved by everybody on account of his Christian worth.

The impression made by her grandfather's death never left Lizzie's heart. There has been no time of darkness and desolation since, when she has not felt the old man's hand upon her head, and heard his dying voice repeating softly, "only trust Him, only trust Him." "A word spoken in due season, how good it is!"

When Mrs. Atherton returned to Vermont, she

left Lizzie to be a comfort to her Grandmother Ward. In December, though the weather was so cold that the ice had to be cut for the purpose, Lizzie Atherton was baptized by Elder John Blain, and joined the Baptist church of Auburn.

She experienced in her early religious life great joy in her faith, and it was not a faith which could only manifest itself in joy, but one which brought forth the fruit of good works. She began at once to feel a strong sense of her obligation to the church of God, a feeling which has always had its restraining influence over her. Her love for the gatherings of God's people was no evanescent emotion, strong at first and entirely disappearing in a few months, but the outgrowth of a Christian conscientiousness, which made her duty and her pleasure one and the same. This strong religious nature, strengthened and directed by her faith in Christ, prevented her from feeling the temptations toward worldliness that beset some. Even in her girlhood, the theatre and kindred pleasures had no attraction for her. When invited to attend such places of amusement, she always replied, "I do not wish to go; it is not consistent with my religious profession." I would not present Aunt Lizzie as the one perfect woman in the world. No doubt, like us all, she has her faults, but in this respect, I would point to her shining example, and recommend it to the multi

tude of young Christians in our day, who act, alas, so often from impulse, rather than from principle in matters of recreation.

During this winter she attended the school of Miss Miriam Evarts, an earnest Christian lady, under whose tuition she grew in grace as well as in knowledge.

In the spring she returned to Cavendish, accompanied by her Grandmother Ward, who remained all summer, on a visit. This grandmother trained Lizzie in singing, teaching her many Scotch songs, and was much interested in the farm, and the quaint old people who helped carry it on. These were Ben Cummins and his wife, dignified by the titles of Uncle and Auntie, both of them delightful company for the young folks of the family. Uncle Ben tended the cattle during the day, but in the evening he could be found beside the shop-room fire, popping corn for the children and telling long-winded stories that never failed to be amusing. His wife spun and wove carpets and coverlets, quilted and knit, and was as entertaining as she was useful.

There was also a dairy-woman, called Aunt Hitty, a precise old maid, whose bonnet strings were always tied by rule. She was a devoted Christian, and very regular in her attendance at church. One snowy day she picked her way down a long, snowy

hill,—the little foot-stove, that was to be her solace during service in the cold church, in her hand. Some gay horses passing by frightened her so much that, stepping aside into a drift, she fell. The stove flew off in one direction, and her hymn book in another, her carefully pinned shawl blew away, and altogether, for so particular a person, she was in a sad plight. Lizzie, like a naughty child, stood by and laughed, to the great discomfiture of Aunt Hitty, instead of giving her the helping hand, and thus gained for herself a long scolding, not only for allowing her sense of the ludicrous to get the better of her, but much more for doing so on Sunday.

Lizzie spent the summer of 1831 in Albion, New York, with the family of her mother's brother, Mr. Alexis Ward. It was at first arranged that she should remain there during the next winter and attend the excellent school kept by Miss Phipps, but her uncle changed his plans, broke up housekeeping and went to Europe; so Lizzie returned home. This was a source of great regret and of many bitter tears. Aunt Lizzie feels to this day that her usefulness in life might have been greatly increased could she have had the advantages of a more extended education. But God knows best. He trains his children according to the pattern in the mount, and fits each one of us for the niche he intends us

to fill. Greater culture might have polished off the edge of that intense sympathy which makes the poorest and most degraded sure that Aunt Lizzie not only pities, but also sorrows with them.

After this time Lizzie did not re-visit Auburn. She left with much regret the church which had given her true christian care. She would no doubt have been still more homesick had not the pastor of the Cavendish church, Rev. Joseph Freeman, received her with great kindness. He was exceedingly fond of music and invited Lizzie to enter the choir. He often called upon her in the prayer meeting, by name, to sing some appropriate hymn, and thus overcame her timidity. Her love for the church led her to join the young ladies' prayer meeting, where Mrs. Freeman treated her with tender affection, and thus the good pastor and his wife joined in training the young girl for her future work.

Lizzie did not neglect the opportunities for Christian labor afforded by her own home. She began her work as a missionary among the men and women who labored on her father's farm. Her merry ways and kind actions opened the way to their hearts, and her gentle words of warning and invitation fell upon willing ears. Many remembered, years after, the scriptures read to them by the little girl, and the hymns she delighted to sing.

When her daughter was about sixteen years old,

Mrs. Atherton's health failed entirely. During the next four years, with the exception of three months, the responsibility of caring for the large family came upon Lizzie. She devoted herself to her mother, shielding her from all unnecessary anxiety. At one time, when Mrs. Atherton seemed in a little better health, Lizzie was sent to Cavendish to attend the New England Academy. She boarded in the village, at a house originally built for an inn, and occupied an immense room with seven other girls, who, like herself, came to attend school. Once a week, when a messenger rode over from the farm for the mail, Mrs. Atherton sent Lizzie a basket of good things. School girls are always hungry, and we can imagine the feasts in the old ball-room, when seven girls unloaded the hamper of fresh doughnuts, cheese made at the farm, pumpkin and mince pies fresh from the oven, apple custards, jugs of cream, and great sweet apples. The others came from distant places, and did not receive such home dainties often, so Lizzie shared with them all, and great were the rejoicings.

But her mother could spare Lizzie for only one term. Returning home she found that her presence was more necessary than ever. Even for an education she would not leave her sick mother to bear the burden of the great household, and the oversight of the flock of little children, so she cheer-

fully put her shoulder to the wheel. It was not a work without its reward. The companionship and praise of one so dear compensated for every sacrifice, made every labor light.

Phoebe Cary's portrait of her mother, in her "Order for a Picture," paints better than any prose could do, Aunt Lizzie's recollection of her's:

"A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looks down upon, you must paint for me:
O, if I could only make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,
She is my mother: You will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away."

3

CHAPTER II.

PIONEER LIFE.

THE spring in which occurred Lizzie Atherton's twentieth birth-day was one of great bustle and excitement at the farm. The eldest daughter of the family was to be married and leave the dear old home, to settle with her husband in what was then considered the far West. Grandmother Atherton looked over her stores, and selected her choicest silver, her old English china, feather-beds, woollen quilts and household linen, to start her namesake in housekeeping. She apparently considered that her discipline had been effective, and since Lizzie had submitted to her training, she turned around, and, like a fairy godmother, showered upon her a profusion of gifts. Mr. Atherton also was busy selecting carpets and furniture, for were not the young couple going to the wilderness of Illinois?

At last on the second of May, 1837, Lizzie Atherton was married to Cyrus Aiken. Mr. Aiken was nine years older than his bride, a man of a sedate turn of mind, and Christian principle, to whose

keeping her parents were very happy to intrust the future of their daughter.

There was a large family gathering at the wedding, and when Lizzie and her husband left home in the afternoon, they were accompanied by several of her friends. They rode over in the quaint two-wheeled chaises, then in general use, to Mr. Aiken's home in Claremont, New Hampshire. It was the custom in those days for the family of the bridegroom to give a reception and feast called the infare, to the bride upon her arrival at her new home. Lizzie's infare was held at the house of Mr. Aiken's father, built on Sugar River, near the town of Claremont. The old gentleman was a master builder, and had taken great pride in the convenience and beauty of his house. He had even finished it off with mahogany, even more rare and costly than at present. The house stood in a finely cultivated place of about forty acres, and was built to be the home of the family for generations. But shortly before Lizzie's marriage an uncle of Mr. Cyrus Aiken had moved West, and settled on Rock River in Illinois. He wrote home glowing accounts of the country, and went so far as to buy eighty acres and give it to his nephew, on condition that he would come out and settle. The whole family caught the Western fever, and finally the place was sold, when they all removed to the West.

On Lizzie's wedding day, however, these events were yet in the future, and the large family were gathered together, for the last time, at the infare. Great festivities were held, Mr. Aiken being both well-to-do and popular, and the day ended with a grand reception and supper.

After remaining in Claremont a few days, Mr. and Mrs. Aiken, following the universal custom of New England, made their bridal trip to Boston. They went, as there were no railroads, by the great lumbering stage, making frequent stops for the purpose of visiting relatives.

Their stay at Boston lasted only a week, but was crowded with pleasure. This was the first time that Lizzie had ever seen the sea, and the great ships coming from every part of the world. Boston in those days had a much more extended commerce than now. Then of course they visited that Mecca of New England, Bunker Hill, and other places of historic interest in the vicinity.

When they again reached Vermont, they found that Lizzie's parents had packed all her goods for removal.

After a sad parting from her beloved family, and one last embrace from her mother, she turned away from Cavendish to a life of hardship and trial.

The party that crossed the mountains in the stage-coach for Whitehall, consisted of Lizzie and her

husband, his father and sister with her two little children. Mr. Aiken, senior, came West to spy out the land ; he afterwards settled and died in Illinois. The sister came to meet her husband, who had already built him a log house on Rock River.

At Whitehall they took the packet on the Erie Canal, the great thoroughfare for western bound emigrants. If this mode of conveyance has been superseded by more speedy modes of travel, it must have been to those who had leisure a pleasant way of seeing the country. Imagine crossing the State of New York by a conveyance that gave one ample time to investigate and enjoy the beauties of every field and hill. Our travelers beguiled the tedium of the journey by going ashore to gather wild flowers, or to make purchases at the villages through which they passed.

When at last they reached Buffalo, they found themselves too early for the steamer, and went out to Black Rock, a few miles from the city, to visit Lizzie's aunt, Mrs. Ann Ward, the widow of her uncle Loyal, who had watched with great filial affection over the last days of her Grandfather Ward, in Auburn. This was Lizzie's last visit among her relatives, for a long series of years. Like an outward-bound vessel, she had left home and passed one well-known point after another, till now the last

familiar headland faded from sight, and she moved out upon the broad expanse of the unknown sea. Happy it was for her that she was under the guidance of a divine Pilot, and that her anchor of hope was fastened above.

And now the trials of the party began. They took the old steamer *Detroit*, for Detroit. She was not very seaworthy as they soon found, for the sailors were kept at the pumps during the whole voyage. They encountered a heavy gale, and most of the passengers were sick. Lizzie having escaped, went from one to another, encouraging them, and singing to keep up their spirits. At Detroit they were compelled to wait a week for the *Michigan*, that was to bring them to Chicago. Detroit was larger then than Chicago, crowded with emigrants and Indians buying and selling. On taking possession of their rooms in the hotel, our party were astonished to find that there were no locks nor other fastenings on the doors, a circumstance that greatly disturbed them, as they carried their money with them in belts sewed around their waists. Lizzie was hardly asleep when she was awakened by the light of a lantern shining in her face. Starting up, she cried, "Who is there?" Two evil-looking men mumbled some excuse about having entered the wrong room, and went away, only to return in an hour or two. After this had happened for the third

time, she pushed the bed across the door, and slept no more till morning. During the rest of their stay she barricaded the door every night.

As they sailed up Lake Michigan, they encountered another fearful gale, that drove them into Milwaukee. Four of the passengers were shaking with ague, so Lizzie turned nurse and hunted up the huge medicine chest that her father had fitted out for her, a miniature apothecary-shop, full of all ill-savored and bitter drugs. They left Milwaukee on the morning of a beautiful June day, but at sundown another sudden gale arose and the treacherous lake was quickly whipped into fury. All night the steamer tossed and groaned, but could not get into port. No pen could describe the sorrowful company that gathered on her decks in the early morning for their first sight of Chicago, the wonderful city of so many hopes. There it lay before them, a little patch of houses on what is now called the North Side. As far as eye could reach the prairie was crossed by muddy roads, in which loads of grain lay stranded like ships in quicksands.

As the boat reached Chicago early in the morning the passengers were allowed no breakfast, and it was nine o'clock before the solitary stage of the town came down to the landing. Mr. Aiken secured two places of the four in this rude stage; no more were allowed to ride for fear of sinking the

vehicle. All the other unfortunates were obliged to make their way to the hotel over the plank sidewalks built on spiles, the water gurgling close under their feet as they walked. Those who rode, however, were no better off, for hardly had they gone a rod when they found themselves settling down into a slough, and there the hungry travelers waited till four burly fellows came to the rescue, waded in knee-deep, and pried them out. Three such adventures in a quarter of a mile so discouraged Mr. Aiken, that in spite of all his wife's protestations he insisted on her getting out and walking with him. The natural consequence was that they in turn had to be pulled out of the mud, amid shouts of laughter from their companions, and to the great detriment of Lizzie's brown silk traveling suit.

Their destination was Grand Detour on Rock River. The only way to reach it was by wagon, and they found a man who, for a hundred dollars, was willing to take them and part of their goods across the prairies. The ride was a beautiful one, despite the frequent sloughs. The prairies were brilliant with blossoms. Rosy, yellow, scarlet and white flowers, covering acres of ground, interspersed among the waving grass, gave the country the appearance of a vast garden. There were no trees except in the oak openings, along the banks of the streams. Under the shade of these groves were found the log houses

of the settlers, built there on account of the shade and the vicinity of water. Every man's house was an inn, and the emigrants slept on the floors, sometimes as many as twenty women and children in one room, lying on the mattresses and feather-beds they had brought with them. Our party crossed Fox River, by fording it, and Lizzie Aiken, being a slight little body, weighing but ninety pounds, was perched on top of the boxes as they went over.

When they arrived at Grand Detour, how great was their disappointment to find that the village they had expected to see had existed only on paper and in their own imaginations. In reality there were only two or three large log houses, and one in process of building for Mr. Cyrus Aiken. In their uncle's house, crowded together in two rooms, with sometimes as many as twenty-five in the family, they began their Western life.

After a few weeks the new log house was finished, and Mr. Aiken and his wife went to take possession. They soon found, however, that they were not the first occupants. When they arrived, at sundown, they were too weary to put up beds, but slept that night on carpets and comforters laid down on the floor of split logs. Waking in the morning, Mrs. Aiken saw something crinkling along the side of the floor, and glancing in the early sunshine. Looking more closely, she saw, to her horror, that

it was a huge rattlesnake, making himself as much at home as if the house had been built for him. Their first act of housekeeping was to kill this unwelcome guest. This having been accomplished, Mrs. Aiken began to prepare such a meal as was possible under the circumstances, but when she went to the shelves nailed up on the wall, for the bread she had brought with her, she found three gophers complacently making their breakfast upon it. Certainly this was housekeeping under difficulties. However, they made a joke of their misfortunes, and having disposed of rattlesnake and gophers, went to work cheerfully to set the house in order. The rude walls were papered, on the puncheon floors carpets were laid, and curtains hung at the windows. The whole place assumed a cosy look of comfort that might have been deemed impossible the day before. The garden, planted beforehand, lay directly on the bank of Rock River. Indian mounds, at that season covered with wild strawberries, were scattered all around on the prairies. Lizzie could stand in the door and see the trains of emigrant wagons crawling along the army trail, half a mile distant. The nearest house stood almost a mile away.

The gophers were not their only troublesome neighbors, as the following incident will show: One day, shortly after their arrival, Mr. Aiken in-

vited two young friends to visit them. His wife of course was anxious to be hospitable, and at the same time to exhibit her skill as a housekeeper. So she stirred up some sponge cake and set it to bake in a tin reflector, another contrivance for cooking without an oven. Her husband stood looking on while she made plum cake. "What can I do to help?" asked he. "You might see if the sponge cake is browning," was the reply. So, taking the hot, yet half-baked cake from the reflector, he suddenly dropped it from his burned fingers, and it fell all in a heap. Still, Lizzie made the best of it, and said cheerfully: "There is one left." She counted without her host, however. The fragrant brown loaf of plum cake was put in the window to cool while she set the table. Happening to look at her husband, who stood at the door, she saw that he was laughing most heartily. She missed the cake from the sill, and hastened to the window just in time to see a long, thin wild hog, called by the settlers a prairie rooter, roll down the bank and swim across the river, with her warm cake held carefully out of the water in his mouth.

Indeed, she seems to have been unfortunate in entertaining company. Some young gentlemen who had purchased a claim beyond them, kept bachelor's hall during the week, but came down to the Aikens' on Sunday, to enjoy the double treat of a

good talk and a good dinner. One Saturday afternoon, when her husband and father were three miles away, fencing in a section which they had bought, Mrs. Aiken went out to the Indian mounds to gather a pailfull of strawberries for Sunday's dessert. She had left her pantry full of good things,—new bread, cakes, pies, all the dainties that taste so agreeably to men who have lived for a week on fried pork and crackers. The strawberries were very abundant, and she soon returned with a large pail full of ripe fruit. To her surprise, she found the door open, and on looking in discovered two of the tallest Indians she had ever seen, coolly sitting at her table, devouring her provisions and drinking milk. Greatly frightened, she stood outside the door and watched them. They eat like men who never expected such a treat again. Mrs. Aiken saw with astonishment all her bread disappear, followed by loaf after loaf of cake and several pies, until she began to fear that they would die. After eating enough to supply any two white men for ten days, they turned and spied her outside the door. She tried to say "sago, sago?"—how are you—but in her fright used the salutation of another tribe. This greatly amused them, and they laughed till the house rang. Good-naturedly paying for their supper with a couple of large plugs of tobacco, they stalked down to the river where they had left their canoe, pushed

off, and paddled away, leaving their relieved hostess to get such provisions as she could to accompany her strawberries.

About this time Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, from Michigan, removed to Grand Detour, and settled just across the river from the Aikens. They were young people, married only a few months. Mrs. Gardner was a most amiable Christian, and there sprang up between these two women, so far from any society, a strong friendship. During the long winter their husbands were away, weeks at a time, getting out logs. Rock River, frozen solid as a floor, was easily crossed, and so they fell into the habit of spending alternate weeks with each other, comforting one another through the lonely days and nights. Together they prayed, together sang the songs of a better land, when for days not a solitary traveler could be seen passing along the trail, and the lights in the windows of their distant neighbors flickering through the falling snow or shining steadily on calm evenings, were the only signs of living creatures on the vast prairie.

But at the end of March, when the ice was breaking up in the river, rendering it almost impassable, word came that Mrs. Gardner was dead. Little had the two friends thought as they held such loving intercourse, that in a few short weeks the one should be taken, and the other left to journey on for years.

Hers was the first funeral in Grand Detour. When they laid her to rest under the leafless oaks of the grove, the whole community for miles around came together. Over her grave they sang sweet, wailing China, thoughts of their own distant homes and hers giving the notes a power and pathos never heard except in the wilderness.

On the twenty-eighth of April a little boy, whom they named Charlie, was born to the Aikens, filling their hearts with new joy and thankfulness.

But the next winter brought sorrow enough. One day in October, Mr. Aiken came home very ill. All their relatives were at that time on the other side of the river, so Mrs. Aiken was entirely alone with him. He soon became delirious, and she did not dare to leave him long enough to run for help. Three days she watched the trail, hoping to see some passing neighbor, but it was not until the afternoon of the third day that she was rewarded by the sight of a solitary horseman. She flew to the door, calling loudly and shaking a tablecloth to attract his attention. But when he came, he knew no more than she what to prescribe, though her great medicine chest stood by full of drugs. They feared to do harm by selecting the wrong medicine, so Mrs. Aiken was forced to be content with sending for a neighbor, an old lady, who came next day on horseback, and dealt out huge

doses of calomel and jalap, while waiting for the doctor to arrive from Dixon.

When after seven long weeks, Mr. Aiken was able to ride out a short distance, he was met on his return by his wife, who cried, "Oh, Cyrus, I fear our darling baby is dying," and entering the house found the poor child strangling with croup. Neighbors were summoned, only to see little Charley die, as he lay on his mother's lap, the next morning. In her great sorrow her heart went up to God, and as she seemed to feel the hand of her grandfather laid on her head, she cried, "I can only trust Him, and give up my darling." Little Charlie, seven months old, lies buried on the prairie.

In 1838, Lizzie's Grandmother Ward died, and left all her household effects to her favorite granddaughter. She had come in her youth, from Scotland, and possessed many family relics in the shape of old silver salvers as well as bread and fruit dishes of the same precious material. These, together with her table silver, rare china, and table and bed linen, fragrant with lavender, were carefully packed up and forwarded to the West. But, by the same fatality that has followed all Aunt Lizzie's earthly possessions, these treasures never reached her. The boat by which they were sent, was burned on Lake Erie and her whole cargo lost.

In March, 1839, the Aikens' second child was born and named George. In May they removed to their new house, having lived less than two years in the old one. This new home was about three miles from the other, but on the prairie, away from the river. In haste to be where Mr. Aiken could give proper care to their crops, they moved in before the house was plastered, or the glass set in the windows. The family was very large, including a number of men, busy fencing and ditching. Under the pressure of this heavy work, added to the care of her little child, Mrs. Aiken's health entirely failed, and she was for months confined to her bed. Service could not be procured for money, but girls were tempted to come and work during the summer by the offer of payment in clothing. At the time of their greatest need, a young woman, who was to be married in the autumn came to help keep house, stipulating that she should receive Mrs. Aiken's wedding dress and ornaments as wages. Money was no consideration, but silk dresses such as were bought in Boston could not be procured in all the West.

Three miles away at Daysville, lived an aged physician, Dr. Roe, who, together with his wife, became greatly interested in the poor invalid and her beautiful boy. The good doctor carefully conveyed them on a mattress to his house, and his wife gave

them the best of nursing. This change was a blessed one for Lizzie Aiken. Though at first practically bed-ridden, she gradually improved. The doctor was a Methodist class-leader, and the only religious meetings of the place were held at his house. There were many who attended these gatherings and Mrs. Aiken was most happy to meet once more with Christians in their weekly services. Hitherto her only attendance at church had been when occasionally they could ride ten miles to Dixon. Her Sundays were spent in reading the Bible through and through. The religious papers, the old Boston "Reflector" and the New York "Register," which were sent her from the East, were almost learned by heart and then lent to the neighbors. The settlers were at first too scattered to admit of having prayer meetings, and the only communion she enjoyed with the saints was by letters written on Sunday to the good old deacons who had cared for her religious life in childhood, and other Christian friends. Of these letters none remain, but the answers to a few are still preserved, which show how these widely separated friends poured out the wine of their Christian experience for each other's benefit.

Mrs. Aiken's health improved so rapidly from the rest and good care which she enjoyed at Dr. Roe's, that early in the autumn she was able to return home. She found that several families had settled

around them; everywhere new houses were to be seen, in which people were living with unplastered walls, and partitions made by carpets hung between the rooms. Among these was a family named Cunningham. Mrs. Cunningham proved a most delightful neighbor. She had a large family, six sons and two daughters, little girls of eight and ten years; but with all her cares found time to visit and comfort her sick neighbor. Whenever "little Mrs. Aiken," as she was affectionately styled in the settlement, was able to ride out, Mrs. Cunningham was always ready to take her. Her little daughters, Mary and Caroline, also devoted themselves to the invalid. Never were they happier than when they could run over and play with the baby, or sit on Sunday afternoons, one on each side of their friend, and sing the songs she taught them. There was no Sunday-school, but Mrs. Aiken began her first "girls' meeting," with these two attendants; she instructed them in the Bible, reading and teaching them verses. These children became thus one of the greatest comforts of her life, diverting her mind from her weakness and pain.

Out on the prairie little Charlie's grave grew green, but had nothing as yet to distinguish it from the newer hillocks that began to cluster around it. His fond mother often thought that it would be sweet to have some link between her darling's grave

and the dear old New England home. Her father, knowing this desire, sent her, packed in the centre of a barrel of home comforts, a tiny rooted plant of the same sweet briar that perfumed the garden at Cavendish. This little rosebush, with only three sweet leaves, planted with care, and watered by a mother's tears, grew in time to overshadow the grave and fill the air with the fragrance of the New England hills, so dear to the heart of every wandering son and daughter of that beautiful though barren land.

The next summer there came to Grand Detour a young Baptist student of theology, named Wickizer, spending his vacation in preaching as colporter, among the scattered sheep in the wilderness. A sturdy, black-eyed youth from among the Pennsylvania Dutchmen, he labored hard to gather the Baptists into churches. At Grand Detour he found six or eight, but they thought it better to hold their membership with the church at Dixon, ten miles away, than to organize themselves into a feeble church, too weak to support itself. Mrs. Aiken, always hungry for the truth, gathered the neighbors together in her house, and Mr. Wickizer preached to them several times before he went on his way. These were the first services held by the Baptists in Grand Detour.

The Autumn of 1841 was a time of great suffer-

ing and sorrow. There was much sickness throughout the settlement and many died. Among these was little Georgie Aiken, who was buried beside his brother, leaving his mother again childless, weeping for her children and not to be comforted, save by that consolation which God himself bestows upon the desolate. To this affliction were added trials of a different kind. Through the dishonesty of those in whom he trusted, Mr. Aiken lost a section of land which he had pre-empted, and the house that he had built upon it. So that in six weeks from the time that they buried their darling baby, the Aikens were obliged to leave the home made doubly precious by the memories of his short, but lovely life. They concluded to leave the place where they had been so deeply wronged, and to remove to Peoria. Mrs. Aiken's beloved friend, Mrs. Cunningham, accompanied them as far as Dixon, where they parted from each other with sobs and tears.

The last of December, little Henry was born to gladden the hearts of his parents for a short period. Since they had come to Peoria, the Aikens had been living in hired rooms, a circumstance that had greatly distressed Mrs. Aiken, as she had always been taught that money paid for rent was so much thrown away. Hearing in the early spring of a cottage for sale, she took the earliest opportunity

of seeing it. She found a pretty white house with green blinds, adorned with vines and surrounded by trees. Stepping into a neighbor's to inquire about the place, she made the acquaintance of a Moravian lady, whose motherly kindness and family of lovely children attracted Mrs. Aiken quite as much as did the pretty cottage. Finding the house to be all that she desired, she persuaded her husband to buy it. Her neighbor, Mrs. Banvard, proved to be the mother she looked, and watched over her with affectionate care.

As soon as she was able, Mrs. Aiken sought out the little Baptist church, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. A. M. Gardner, which held its services at this time in the Court House, and numbered forty-two members. Here, as has always been her custom on removing to a new place, she put in her letter at the first opportunity.

In 1844, Mr. Aiken, being prospered in business, moved back the white cottage in which they had hitherto lived, and built a large brick house in front of it, occupying the house before it was finished. The dampness, incident to the fresh plastering, brought on a fit of illness which prostrated him greatly, and little Henry died about the same time. In her grief, his bereaved mother turned with more eagerness than before to the church for consolation. She found comfort in entering into more active

service and working for the church of God. At this time she took a class in the Sunday school. The superintendent, David Irons, with his wife, had removed but a short time before to Peoria, from Albion, New York. Mrs. Aiken had known them from childhood and she welcomed them with great joy. The past acquaintance was eagerly renewed, and Mrs. Irons became the intimate friend of Mrs. Aiken.

Everything connected with their own church and denomination has always been very near to hearts the most catholic in their sympathies, just as the broadest love for humanity at large has never prevented those exercising it from being especially tender of their own families. And thus without the slightest narrowness in her intercourse with Christians of other names, Aunt Lizzie has always been firm and true in her own faith. As she herself says, "I love my own denomination, and would love it even though it should contain a million hypocrites."

During the years of their residence at Peoria she and her husband thought it no hardship to attend the commencements of Shurtleff College, at Alton, though they were obliged to ride over an hundred miles in their carriage. While they were still building their house, the General Baptist State Association met at Peoria. The Baptists in the town were

few, and Mrs. Aiken, delighted with the opportunity to do even more than her share, entertained eleven of the ministers, even though she had beds for but few of them. A large room in the unfinished house was fitted up with mattresses and quilts, and was turned into a most comfortable bedroom for the pioneers who came up to the meetings. Mrs. Aiken herself, according to her custom divided her time between leading the singing at all the meetings and helping cook grand dinners for her guests.

In 1845, Mrs. Aiken went home to Cavendish for a few weeks to be tenderly nursed back to strength by her devoted father and mother. While she was away, her husband sold the house which he had barely finished, for half that it was worth. The malady that had haunted him all his life, began to make itself manifest. From this time, he gradually lost the power to attend to his business affairs. His brain had been slightly affected for some time, though his brave little wife had steadily closed her eyes to a hundred things that might have warned her of some such trouble ahead. But now, with utter obliviousness of the result, he disposed of his property for almost nothing; and from living in comfort and prosperity, Mrs. Aiken was gradually reduced to poverty. Still she clung to her husband, refusing to believe it more than some passing

trouble, and struggled to keep together the property that was still left.

In 1846 the church edifice, erected through the most unwearied exertions on the part of both pastor and people, was dedicated. I copy a little paragraph from a later record, that gives Mrs. Aiken's share in the transaction:

“Aunt Lizzie Aiken set the example to other ladies of the church in asking subscriptions to the cause; and it is related that she purchased the first pair of curtains for one of the windows, with money earned by her own hand in sewing.”

CHAPTER III.

DISCIPLINE.

IN April, of 1847, Mr. Aiken having become restless and tired of Peoria, gathered up what remained of his property, and bought a farm of eighty acres on the State Road to Iowa, twenty miles from Peoria, and near a little village called Brimfield. His wife had worked very hard during the winter. She had tried to save what she could, and to earn money by keeping a house full of boarders. Of course the thought of quitting the city was a welcome one to her, brought up as she had been to love the free life of the country; and she entered gladly into the arrangements for moving. It seems to have been her destiny to begin housekeeping in unfinished houses. At Brimfield, although the farm was all under cultivation, there were but two rooms in their dwelling ready for use. Mrs. Aiken took up with great delight the work of fitting up the house and adorning the place, overseeing the setting out of many fruit and shade trees, and the planting of a garden.

The village of Brimfield had been settled almost

exclusively by New Englanders, who gladly welcomed a Vermont family among them. Mrs. Aiken immediately commenced here the missionary labors that had occupied so much of her time at Peoria. Young as she still was, she had been sought out by both pastor and people to visit the sick, look after the poor, and lay out the dead. A peculiar gift of sympathy and helpfulness was recognized in her by all.

When Mrs. Aiken first went to Brimfield there were no churches in the place. Union meetings were held in the school house, which were sustained by Christians of whatever name. Mrs. Aiken greatly missed her own church, which of course she could attend only occasionally. Dr. Henry Weston, now President of Crozier Theological Seminary, but then pastor of the Peoria church, met a friend who inquired after Mrs. Aiken, and asked "what will she do in Brimfield without her church?" "Give yourself no uneasiness on that score," was the answer, "she will have a church in a short time." The prophesy proved to be true, though the way in which it was fulfilled could certainly have been anticipated by no one.

After awhile, the Congregationalists became strong enough to withdraw from the meetings at the school-house, and form a church of their own. Mrs. Aiken was at once invited to take a class in their Sun-

day-school. Ten girls were placed under her care, and became greatly attached to their teacher. Not content with visiting them at their homes, and teaching them on Sunday Mrs. Aiken used them as the nucleus of a girls' meeting, and invited all the young girls in the neighborhood to meet with them at her house to sing and pray.

Though teaching in the Congregational Sunday-school, Mrs. Aiken had told her class, in answer to their questions, that she was a Baptist. One Sunday, after morning service, one of these young ladies came to her and said she would like to introduce to her her father and mother, who were present. The father expressed great pleasure at meeting Mrs. Aiken, saying that he had never hoped to meet a Baptist again. They had left Pennsylvania almost two years before, where their parents were members of the Baptist church, and had never happened to fall in with any members of that denomination in their journeyings. An invitation to dinner was gladly accepted, and all rode over to the farm.

After dinner these new-made friends held a prayer-meeting together, and the Baileys told their Christian experience—how they loved the Lord, but had never yet united with any church. They also said that they were Baptists and wished to connect themselves with a church of that faith. Mrs. Aiken

gladly undertook to aid them in the matter. She wrote to Dr. Weston, telling him the circumstances, and at the time of the next covenant meeting of his church, took her friends in her carriage twenty miles to Peoria, where they were received by the church, and baptized the next day in Peoria lake. Mrs. Aiken joyfully told her pastor that now God had provided a deacon for the Baptist church that was to be in Brimfield.

A few months after this, the pastor of the Methodist church, Rev. Lewis Atkinson, came to Mrs. Aiken for counsel. He told her that he was troubled about his baptism; that he had come to think the Baptists were right in their views of that ordinance, and ended by asking what she considered his duty to be? Her answer, as might have been expected, was that in view of his convictions, all that he could do was to arise and be baptized. Shortly after, Dr. Weston came out and baptized him, and thus a pastor was provided for the little Baptist church of Brimfield.

But before the church was organized much work had to be done. Mrs. Aiken planned her household affairs so that she had leisure to visit all the afternoon in the interests of the new church. Riding round the county on horseback, she found fourteen Baptists with church letters laid carefully away, whom she easily persuaded to join in the enterprise.

In the meantime, they held services in the school-house, with occasional preaching by that sterling old pioneer and faithful servant of God, Rev. Joel Sweet. He was pastor of a small country church at Lamoille, and came over to Brimfield whenever he could. He gave them the pure word of God without money and without price, never receiving anything for his services except an occasional turkey or piece of pork. About 1850, the church, the result of many prayers and much labor, was formed. God prospered it greatly, and gave it favor in the community. Nor did Mrs. Aiken cease praying after the church was fully organized, but on Saturday afternoons used to finish up her work, and then run over to the house of her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Deborah Alden, that they might together pray for its prosperity. This they did for two years.

Nor did her own little church monopolize all of Mrs. Aiken's heart. She kept open house for all Baptist travelers, so that her house was called the Baptist tavern. She and her husband took turns in attending the meetings of the local association. When it was her turn to stay at home, Mrs. Aiken entertained the delegates as they passed to and from the meetings. Sometimes the party was so large that it was necessary to serve the meals in the open air. The barn doors were taken off and used as tables. Under the locust trees the hungry travelers

were thus regaled with the products of the farm, and with fruit from the orchard.

Her house at Brimfield was a source of great pride and pleasure to Mrs. Aiken. It was so conveniently fitted up, and suited her so well in every way. But it was taken from her in a moment. As she walked home from prayer-meeting with her husband, on the evening of the ninth of September, 1851, they saw that a severe thunder storm was gathering all around the sky, and hastened into the house lest the rain should overtake them. But secure as they felt under their own roof, it proved an ineffectual shelter. The storm came nearer and nearer, the lightning grew more blinding at every flash, till about ten o'clock the tempest culminated just over their heads. The neighbors, watching its progress saw a ball of fire fall from the clouds and strike the chimney, and then scatter all over the roof. Those within the house were thrown to the floor. On recovering her senses, Mrs. Aiken looked up and saw that the roof was gone. With trembling limbs they fled to the barn for safety, and when the storm was a little abated, to the house of their neighbor, Mr. Alden. The shock rendered Mrs. Aiken speechless for several hours, and it was a year before she entirely recovered her hearing.

On going to the house they found every pane of glass broken, every lock and piece of metal melted,

even to the wheels of the clock. The framework of the building was all that was left, and that was severely shaken. Several of their neighbors offered them a home for the winter, but they preferred to fit up a new barn with some comforts to make it habitable till the house could be re-built. In the spring they entered the re-made dwelling, but the beauty of the house was gone. It was quite inferior to what it had been at first, and Mr. Aiken's failing health cut off all hope of ever improving it.

In the winter of 1851 there came from the East a family that at once enlisted the affectionate sympathy of Mrs. Aiken. Mr. Chas. Day brought his invalid wife, whose dark eyes and silken hair contrasted painfully with her pallid cheeks, to Brimfield, in the vain hope of restoring her once more to health. Her Christian fortitude in bearing her sufferings appealed even more than her appearance to the heart of one who had herself passed through much sickness. Mrs. Aiken made herself truly their neighbor, and when, at midwinter, the redeemed spirit went home to heaven, the mourning husband and his two little girls turned to her for comfort.

When spring came, Mr. Day resolved to take his motherless children to their grandmother, and invited Mrs. Aiken to accompany them. The little church, at this time numbering eighteen souls, also

wished her to go, that she might interest their Eastern brethren in the place of worship that they had determined to build. She undertook the task, but without great success, as she only raised about a hundred dollars.

While at the East, Mrs. Aiken went to Cavendish to visit her own family. Expected by no one, she drove up to her father's house, and entered without meeting a soul to recognize her. Softly opening the sitting-room door, she saw her father piling wood on the fire. Her whole soul filled with sorrow and longing, she rushed into his arms, as he turned with surprise toward her, and bursting into a flood of tears, cried like Naomi, "Oh Father, Father, here I am ; you sent me out full, but I always return empty."

Brothers and sisters came home to meet her. Together they sat down at the table, all there for the first time in many years. A secret pang of sorrow stole over the heart that held them all so dear, and Lizzie could not suppress her tears. Her father observing her emotion, asked,

"My daughter, pray what is the matter?"

"Dear father," was the reply, "shall we ever all meet again?"

"This foreshadowing of the future, which indeed proved to be only too true, quite checked the flow of conversation, and spoiled the dinner. But one

of the sisters turned the tide into another channel. This was Roxy, who had just graduated from school, and was eager to see something of the world beyond the hills of Vermont.

"Lizzie," she cried, "dry up your tears; I'm going home with you to spend a year, and make you happy! may I not, father?" she added, turning to him where he sat, distressed at Lizzie's emotion.

"My child," he answered, "I will decide for your brother, who wishes to go, but your mother must decide for you."

It was not very hard to win over the gentle mother to consent to anything which should increase the happiness of her daughters, and the house was soon topsy-turvy, preparing Roxy for her visit. It was deemed necessary to make her a complete wardrobe for the entire year, as she was just stepping out of her school-girl life.

On the third of May, they finally started for the West. They began the journey by riding over to Proctorsville to take dinner with their sister Sarah. The whole family was again present with many of the relatives, nine carriage loads having accompanied the travelers thus far. The forebodings of the former occasion had melted away in joy, that Roxy was going West, but alas! it was Roxy, so young, so beloved, who was to return no more.

The journey to Brimfield was most delightful;

everything conspired to make it pleasant. Mrs. Aiken, happy in the prospect of her sister's companionship, could not refrain from often taking her by the hand and assuring her of her love and her wonder that their parents had permitted her to take away their darling.

At Peoria they were met by Mr. Aiken, who took them out to Brimfield. It was a merry ride over the prairies, now green with the springing crops and gay with early flowers. Arrived at home, they found a company of the young people of the place gathered to meet them, eager to see the young girl and her brother, in whom they hoped to find so great an accession to their society. All were happy, and all expected yet more happiness. Alas! the elder sister who followed Roxy everywhere with admiring eyes, in eleven days, just eleven days, saw her die. We will let her tell the sad story as she wrote it to her stricken parents.

BRIMFIELD, May 24th, 1852.

My Dear Father and Mother:

What shall I say to you? How shall I attempt to console you under the afflicting hand of Providence? God has truly dealt mysteriously with me, your child. My dear sister Roxy sleeps the sleep of death. How little did we anticipate such an event when we parted. The ways of Providence are truly most inscrutable, but they are nevertheless all wrought in infinite wisdom, for God doeth all things well.

She died on Friday morning just as the clock was striking nine. She was sick four days. * * * * * She never

seemed to know anything after the first day. About the middle of the day, she roused up and looked at me. I burst into tears, and told her I was so glad she knew me. She raised her hands. I leaned down over her, and she kissed me so affectionately. Oh, Roxy, how dear thou wert to me! * * * * * How strange that in so short a time she should become so interwoven with my destiny. But she was so kind, so affectionate, so good, so in every point what I wished and what I loved, that I do not believe that in the short time we were together, I had one thought for the future with which she was not connected, or one ambition, hope or wish but Roxy was in some way to be the recipient. I feel bereaved indeed and sad and desolate. * * * * * Is it true that I shall never see her face again? Oh, how unreconciled I am! Was there ever grief like mine? My father, my mother, I have, I feel that I have inflicted a wound in your heart that time can never heal in bringing your dear child, my dear sister, here so far from you to die.

Her garments all hang up just as she left them. Her wooden trunk has all her little treasures just as she put them away herself. I shall not have them touched. * * * * * How soon was my cup of joy dashed down! How are my hopes blasted! I loved her to idolatry. * * * * *

These outpourings of a sister's broken heart have been copied to show how great was the affection that had been lavished on Roxy. There are pages more in the same strain, which have but one thought—"how I loved her and now she is dead!" Still Roxy suffered but little during the four days of her illness; she was insensible most of the time, and her last hours are most fittingly described by Hood's exquisite lines:

“ We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro. ”

“ Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died. ”

“ For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours. ”

They buried her in a pleasant place on a high rolling prairie. They made her grave where the grassy sod had as yet been unturned, for hers was the first burial in the village churchyard. The sweet-briar at the old farm in Cavendish was despoiled of yet another slip to shed its scented leaves where she lies, and every June the small fragrant roses, which she loved as a child, blow and fade above her grave, while delicate blossoms of the prairie violet and the purple oxalis blend their soft mourning colors with the grass that waves over her.

Poor Mr. Aiken was heart-broken; he required consolation himself, and had to be comforted like a child. It was to her brother that Mrs. Aiken turned for advice. He reasoned with her, reminded her of the many merciful circumstances connected with the event, and brought her gradually back to be her

own cheerful self. It was in this trying hour that the religion of Jesus Christ showed its power. Though at first Mrs. Aiken could not rise above the question, "Lord, why is it thus?" yet in the same breath she said, "Hedoeth all things well." Surely the Lord has led her through great and sore troubles that she may be able to feel for and comfort others. So great an impression has this sorrowful time made upon her, that to this day she cannot speak of it without tears.

Soon after Roxy's death there was a revival in the little Brimfield church, and again Mrs. Aiken found that working for Jesus was the most wonderful healer of her sorrows. To a mind so given to dwelling upon the past in its minutest particulars, and a heart so persistent in its love of kindred, an affliction of this kind might have proved an incurable wound, which might have spoiled all the remaining years of life, had it not been for the religion of Jesus. Christ, by giving His child something to do, drew her thoughts from herself, and restored that cheerful temper which is her most characteristic trait.

It was well that she had something to occupy her thoughts outside her home, for though she did not see the impending trouble as clearly as did her friends, she could but perceive that her husband's health, and especially his mental powers, were fail-

ing. Many were the sleepless nights she spent thinking over the clouded present, and the dark future. Her parents suggested that it would be best for her to break up house-keeping, but she clung to her home. If she left that what should she do? Her brother still continued to live at her house, and so long as she had his strong arm to lean on, she could manage to keep the place in order. Gradually, however, matters grew worse; the farm was first rented and then sold. A few acres and the house were all that were left, and even this could with difficulty be retained.

In September, 1854, a little child was born, but he never responded to his mother's loving kiss. He came like a flower, the joy of a moment, born only to be buried by the side of his Aunt Roxy. Another such grief coming just at this time well nigh crushed Mrs. Aiken. But God provided an antidote. One of her intimate friends had just died in Peoria, leaving a sweet baby, only a few days old. This motherless child was brought to the childless mother, who took him at once to her bosom and her heart. She cared for him as her own child, and amid all her privations and trials, kept him with her for ten years. At the end of that time his father took him home, but only for a few months, as he died when in his eleventh year.

The next spring Mr. Ward Atherton bought a

farm in southern Illinois, and moved away from Brimfield. This left his sister very lonely. Hitherto she had relied on him, but now there was no one to assist her. Mr. Aiken had become almost like a little child, needing all the care she could give him. Their property had wasted away, and she had no power to provide for her family so long as her time was fully occupied in caring for her husband. Before he left, Mr. Atherton wrote an account of the state of Mrs. Aiken's affairs to his father, and urged him to come himself to look after the interests of his daughter. It was however, some months before he arrived, and in the meantime she bore a load of care and sorrow. One day in the late autumn, disturbed by the lowing of the cattle, she went to the barn and found the poor creatures almost starved to death. Mr. Aiken had forgotten to feed them. After this she attended to their wants herself, and often waded through the snow to tend them. Many were the bitter tears she shed, looking at her husband as he sat sleeping in his chair by the fire, with no more forethought nor sense of responsibility than an infant. Still she clung to him, determined to stand by him to the last, and never forsake her trust. But when her father came in February, he saw that her health was rapidly failing under the double burden of taking care of the place, and worrying over the condition of her

husband, and he insisted that she should make some arrangement, by which she might be relieved from this crushing responsibility. He offered to take her husband to Cavendish and provide for him. Mrs. Aiken could not, at first, endure the idea, but at last overpowered by the judgment of her father, the remonstrances of her friends, and her own conviction that they were right, she gave way. She herself says, "God only knows the anguish it cost me to feel that I was never more to have a home. In distress and tears I sought God, and finally he spoke to me, while on my knees, so plainly that I could not mistake, that this must be for my husband's sake, for that of my relatives and my own. The decision was made between God and myself, and I shall always feel that I did right."

Mr. Atherton's business called him home the first of March, and he left his daughter to settle up her household matters preparatory to giving up housekeeping. Hardly had he reached Vermont, when he was taken ill, and before the end of March, died. We give Mrs. Aiken's letter to her mother, written on receipt of the news of her beloved father's death.

BRIMFIELD, March 30th, 1856.

My dear and honored Mother:

Your letter filled with tidings of woe came last evening. Dear Mother, it is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.

Cannot you say so? Even now when the hand of God is most heavily laid upon you, cannot you kiss the hand that smites? Your husband sleeps the sleep of death, but mother, your Redeemer lives, and has He not said "Because I live, ye shall live also?" He has dealt mysteriously with you; may it not be to lead you to call on Him? Commit your grief into the hands of God—then will He enter into a still more endearing relation toward you. "Thy Maker shall be thy husband." The gospel of the Son of God with its glorious hopes, its rich promises and its bright anticipations, can alone minister true consolation under circumstances such as yours, my dear mother. The time is short; you will soon go to father. Your dear Roxy you will meet there too. * * * * From my heart do I feel myself bound to minister to the comfort of you now, my dear and widowed mother.

Our goods are all packed up and I am in great confusion, but will write soon again. Cyrus is worse: I feel sad indeed.

Your affectionate child,

ELIZA.

Thus did the same person who poured forth such floods of passionate sorrow over the death of her sister, restrain herself when called to part with the father who had always been so indulgent to her. Especially at this time of perplexity and darkness, when she hardly knew which way to turn, the removal of her chief friend and adviser must have been a great blow. But true to her nature, she puts her own sorrow aside, and addresses herself solely to the comfort of one even more bereft. "I feel sad indeed," she says, "Cyrus is worse, my father is dead, my brother has left me, my property is

gone; I am virtually alone in the world, without husband, father or home." But she said, with David, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul;" and bravely took up her broken life, to struggle on for the glory of God and the good of her fellow men.

Previous to leaving Brimfield she wrote to Mrs. Irons, in Peoria, giving an account of her circumstances. That faithful friend replied at once: "Come to me; my home is your home, so long as I live." So on the tenth of April Mrs. Aiken locked the door of her house in Brimfield, and left it forever. Her brother had come to take her husband East, and he drove her with her little adopted son over to Peoria. It was a lovely spring morning; the sun shone down on the familiar scene like a benison. It was hard to go and leave the house she had built, the trees she had planted, every pleasant little nook she knew so well. As they reached a turn in the road which should shut her old home from sight, she entreated her brother to stop. He did not wish her to look back, but she besought him to let her do so. She stood up in the carriage and cast one long, lingering look behind. She knew that she should never have another home; she saw, as with a prophetic glance, the long, lonely road which she must travel, and gave herself wholly up to the will of God. Once more she felt the hand of

her dying grandfather laid on her head, and heard the faltering voice repeating, "Only trust Him—only trust Him." The sad yet constant heart responded, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

For a few weeks, she took the rest, so necessary to her wearied body and still more weary heart, with her beloved friend, Mrs. Irons, and then turned to face alone the stern realities of life. Her husband's improvidence had involved him seriously in debt. This indebtedness Mrs. Aiken resolutely determined to pay by her own exertions, besides providing for herself and her adopted child. Her widowed mother was unable to help her farther than by taking charge of her husband, so she was obliged to look about her for some means of gaining a livelihood. Her long and faithful labors as a Christian woman, came to her aid in this extremity. Her friends knew how gentle her hand was in ministering to the sick, and proposed to her that she should devote herself to such ministrations. During four years she went from house to house, soothing the aching head, caring for mothers and their babes, doing all with such affectionate interest and unobtrusive sympathy, that wherever she stayed all the family became her firm friends. In this way she paid all the debts of her husband, and still with her accustomed, lavish generosity, gave away consider-

able money. The following incident will illustrate this propensity to help all the suffering at her own expense.

An Eastern lady, visiting in Peoria, became deeply interested in Mrs. Aiken, and said to her that she might easily make money by the sale of a patent medicine which she considered excellent. She proved her friendship by giving her fifty dollars' worth. To this Mrs. Aiken added fifty dollars from her own little store, and started out to make her fortune. But for her to live was to give; every sick widow or sewing-girl who needed the medicine had a bottle without money and without price. It naturally followed that when the accounts were squared up, she had a balance on hand of only twenty-five dollars. With difficulty she procured more money and started anew. But her fresh supply did not last long. "The poor ye have with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good" has always been Mrs. Aiken's motto. Her medicine was popular, it cured people for nothing. When the second supply was gone, there was no money left to buy more, so she gave up the idea of making her fortune, and confined herself to the care of the sick.

CHAPTER IV.

"AUNT LIZZIE."

THE spring and summer of 1861, ushered in by the booming of cannon at Fort Sumter, brought events that filled the hearts of all lovers of their country with sadness and foreboding. Hardly had the necessity for their presence arisen, when true-hearted women made their way to the hospitals and battle-fields of the East, carrying comfort and cheer to many desolate spirits. In the West the conflict did not begin so early, though training camps were established in the vicinity of many towns. Near Peoria were stationed the troops enlisted in that city. The blood that flowed in Mrs. Aiken's veins had not lost the patriotic ardor that distinguished her ancestors in the Revolutionary war. She immediately joined the company of ladies who visited their relatives in the camp, and exerted herself for the comfort of those who had no near friends to supply them with many things which, though considered absolute necessities of life at home, are unknown in army life. As opportunity offered, she

gave herself to missionary labors among the soldiers. Her little bag was full of tracts, which were presented with such tender solicitude that the most indifferent could not refuse to take them.

In October the want of nurses began to be felt in the Illinois camps. Just outside of Springfield was Camp Butler, filled with recruits, many of whom were sick with the measles. The head-surgeon of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, "Gov. Yates' Legion," Major Niglas, of Peoria, returned home, anxious to find competent nurses to assist him. Nor was he alone in his solicitude; the mothers of Peoria had sons in the camp, and many of them came and implored Mrs. Aiken to go and care for them. Her own love of her country, and her heart filled with sympathy for the suffering soldiers responded to the appeal, and she consented to accompany Major Niglas, provided some lady could be found to join her. An advertisement for such a person was put in the local papers, and the next morning Mrs. Mary Sturgis, a widow, presented herself and was gladly accepted. The two nurses were about the same age, and at once took the greatest liking to each other. Both were earnest Christian women, both were alone in the world; Mrs. Sturgis a widow, Mrs. Aiken having no home, on account of her husband's illness.

But all of Mrs. Aiken's friends were not in favor

of her new occupation. Mr. Irons, who afterwards raised a regiment of which he was colonel, was at this time absent from home. He wrote decidedly opposing the move, portraying the dangers of capture. "The rebels," he says "into whose hands you may fall, will not be liable to show you any particular favors or mercy in consideration of your being *women*. Men who can strip and tar and feather school-mistresses, as they have done, would not show nurses in our army much respect. My opinion is that unless you can jump over a ten rail fence, run a mile, and swim a river, you had better not go."

Nevertheless, in October, the two ladies and Mrs. Sturgis' daughter Mary accompanied Major Niglas when he returned to Camp Butler. They found in the Major a kind friend, who looked after their welfare so long as they were with the regiment. They reached Springfield toward nightfall, and taking a carriage, rode the six or seven miles to camp, through the quiet fields flooded with the radiance of the full moon. Nothing could have seemed more remote from war and its distresses than this peaceful prairie. On reaching the camp, they found that they were expected. A new tent had been provided for them, just opposite the long row of hospital tents.

Major Niglas, to spare them the sight of misery

that they were too tired to relieve, bade them rest before going on duty. They found that their beds consisted of a load of straw and some blankets, no cots having yet been provided. Taking their carpet-bags for pillows they attempted to sleep; but in vain. The groans of the sick, and cries of "orderly, orderly, oh! bring me some water," filled their hearts with pity, and they passed most of the night in standing at the door of their tent, watching the orderlies as they hurried about attending to the sufferers. Very early in the morning, they besought the surgeon to permit them to go on duty immediately, and were allowed to enter upon their four years' work. The surgeon took them into the hospital tents where the sick lay in their red flannel shirts, with no beds but their blankets spread on the ground, their faces and hands scarlet with the measles. The poor fellows were overcome with gratitude. They thanked the ladies over and over again for coming to them, and implored them for aid. They wished to know the names of these kind friends who were to fill the places of their mothers, and asked Major Niglas to let them use some appellations less formal than Madam in addressing them. So the surgeon, turning to Mrs. Sturgis who stood at his right, said "you may call this lady 'Mother,' and the lady at my left you may call 'Aunt Lizzie.'" "Mother" and "Aunt Lizzie"

they continue to be to this day, in the grateful hearts of many of their "boys."

Obviously the first necessity to be met was to provide beds for the sick, who were lying on the damp ground. Mother and Aunt Lizzie determined to call upon the loyal ladies of Springfield for aid, and made it their first business to see them. The ladies of Springfield called a meeting at once, and filled with gladness the hearts of the nurses by providing them liberally with tents, cots and bedding.

When our nurses returned to camp they were ordered to be on duty day and night, relieving each other every six hours. They did not require much time to set their own affairs in order. They had brought nothing from Peoria but their carpet-bags and an extra waterproof suit. Aunt Lizzie's half of the night was from six o'clock to midnight. There were eighty patients. The surgeon gave her orders and medicine for them all, and then led her to a tent where were two men lying on the ground, who, he told her, must soon die. In the stormy autumn night, the old tent flapping in the wind, the rain beating a requiem against the canvas, she knelt down on the damp earth between the dying men and prayed, while the tired detail leaned against the tent post, holding a lantern that shed a dim light on their wan faces. There, so near their homes and those who loved them, and yet as com-

fortless as if far in the wilderness, the soldiers entrusted messages to Aunt Lizzie and wept while she prayed with them. The next day they both died. For several weeks the nurses worked night and day, each day's record being similar to the first.

In November the regiment was ordered to Shawneetown, on the Ohio River, to go into winter quarters. The sick begged and prayed so hard to go with Mother and Aunt Lizzie that the doctor concluded that they would die if left behind, and that they could no more than die if they went. Baggage cars were secured and the men were safely transferred on their mattresses to them. All night the devoted nurses went from car to car with their medicines and hot drinks for the sick. Singularly enough, not one died from the exposure. At Cairo all were put on board the steamer "Montgomery," and passing up the Ohio River, arrived safely at Shawneetown, Illinois. Here they found a large stone building already partially fitted up as a hospital. One little room was assigned to the ladies. The carpenter had built two berths against the wall; these, filled with straw, without pillows, were their beds. Though rude, they were comfortable, as a comical little incident shows: Once when at midnight Aunt Lizzie crept into her berth, she was startled by a mouse that ran under her hand. Though a very brave woman, she could not sleep

in peace with a mouse in her bed. In dismay she jumped out upon the floor, the little creature following her. She now thought that the coast was clear and that she might return to her couch, but, on lying down, she found the mouse had made a nest in the corner, and five little fellows began to squirm and squeak. Much sleep that night was out of the question.

All winter the nurses worked day and night, six hours of service alternating with six of rest. Aunt Lizzie passed a busy winter. Every afternoon she accompanied the doctor, carrying the ink-stand, telling the name and symptoms of each patient in the four wards, and giving full information concerning all new cases. She also superintended the changing of bed linen, the administration of medicine, the laying out of the dead, beside calling the roll at six o'clock in the morning and nine at night. The number of the sick varied from twenty to eighty all winter.

There came weeks when their comforts were very few, when the poor sick boys were compelled to live on corn-bread and bean-coffee. Then to cheer them, Aunt Lizzie read a ballad descriptive of the sufferings of the Revolutionary soldiers at Valley Forge, but hardly with the result at which she aimed. "I wept," she writes, "my poor boys wept, the officers wept, we felt the verses to be so appropriate to our circumstances."

One stormy afternoon several patients were brought in. Among them was a man about thirty-five years old, ill with rheumatism. He was very cross. Indeed, as Aunt Lizzie passed along, his comrades told her in whispers how very ill-natured he was, and besought her not to mind him if he were petulant with her. The man had been a shoemaker and had taken his kit of tools into camp with him. When he was brought to the hospital the surgeon allowed him to keep it under his pillow. Aunt Lizzie spied these tools as she came in with his supper on a little tray, and divining at once his fondness for them, and the home-sickness that made him cling to anything connected with his former life, thought to herself how she might cheer him. A silly little song about a shoemaker, that she had learned when a girl, came into her mind, and instantly she began to sing it, with its rattling chorus.

“With a rang-tang-tang diddle-do.”

This set all the sick men into a roar of laughter, and pleased the cross shoemaker so much, that he forgot to be ill-natured from this time on. As for Aunt Lizzie, he almost worshipped her, and often requested her to sing “his little song.” The foolish ditty helped him more than medicine, and filled a niche in the world of which its writer probably never dreamed.

Aunt Lizzie’s cheerfulness and ready tact won

her many friends, who did not forget her when they left the hospital. Their bill of fare had been for a long time soup, rice, barley, coffee, or what passed for it, with molasses to sweeten it, and bread baked by an old woman in the village, not always very appetizing. One day Aunt Lizzie went into the dispensary for medicine, when a young man, who had been discharged from the hospital as cured, came in ostensibly on the same errand. His real business, however, was to smuggle a hot mince pie to Aunt Lizzie. In the goodness of his heart he had bought it for her as a great luxury, but unfortunately he did not understand the nature of pies, and, in order to carry it safely, put it under his arm, inside his overcoat. Of course the contents all ran out, and, as it was against the rules to bring food into the hospital, he stood in danger of being sent to the guard-house. But Aunt Lizzie came to the rescue by taking all the responsibility upon herself. She stepped up to him, as he stood in blank dismay at the disaster, and took the pie saying, "Ah, Tom, my boy, you did bring my pie, didn't you?" The poor fellow was greatly chagrined at the failure of his plan to procure a good dinner for his kind nurse.

In January, 1862, Aunt Lizzie writes:

"Quite a little incident took place yesterday; we, as nurses, were sworn into the United States' service. * * * * Dr.

Niglas tells me I have saved the lives of over four hundred men. I am afraid I hardly deserve the compliment. General Grant, General Sturgis, and General Sherman paid us a visit. All join in saying we excel all other hospitals in being attentive to our sick and in cleanliness. They suggested my going to Cairo. Dr. Nig'as spurned the proposition, and I did too. I cannot tell you how well this work suits this restless heart of mine; my great desire to do something to benefit my fellow-creatures is gratified in my present occupation."

In February, Forts Henry and Donelson were captured by the Union army under General Grant. The soldiers, though victors in the end, endured untold suffering. During four nights of the bitterest weather, they encamped around Fort Donelson in the driving storm, without tents or fire, and many were destitute even of blankets. The wounded lay moaning on the snow, their cries growing fainter and fainter as they froze to death on the cold ground. As soon as possible, those who survived were placed on boats and taken down the river to the hospitals, many of them to Shawneetown. The first boat arrived with its burden of grief and suffering under the dark shadow of a stormy, wintry night. The surgeon came to the ward where Aunt Lizzie was giving medicine, and said, "Aunt Lizzie, the wounded from Fort Donelson have come, cannot you go down and help them disembark?" It was the first time that any wounded had been brought under her care. To sickness in almost all its forms she had become accustomed. With

a heavy heart she walked through the rain to the boat, with four soldiers detailed to assist her. When they reached the wharf, Aunt Lizzie took her stand by the gang-plank, with her little cup of wine ready to be held to the lips of the dying, if so she might restore the life, flickering on the ashy lips. The first stretcher was brought off the boat and set down before her. As the soldiers stood it gently on the ground, she cried, "Let me look, let me look." In silence the oil-cloth blanket was lifted, and there lay, with his dead hands folded under his cheek, and the life blood frozen on his side, a widow's offering to her country. Aunt Lizzie recognized him in a moment. It was one of the boys who had left home in the first regiment that marched out of Peoria. But this was no time for tears, so Aunt Lizzie, stifling her emotions, spent a busy night in attending to the wants of these poor, wounded, half-frozen men.

All through this dreary month of February, the rain fell in torrents. The hospital was entirely surrounded with water, and all the sick were brought from the camp on flat-boats. No wonder that many died with typhoid pneumonia. Every few days the inmates of the hospital were agitated by orders to march hither and thither, which when all preparations had been made, were suddenly countermanded. Amid such bustle and confusion, the daily, aye,

and the nightly work went on. Aunt Lizzie writes, "Twenty-four nights in succession I have sat up till three o'clock in the morning, dealing out medicine; I cannot think of leaving these poor fellows if there is any chance of their living. I have for the last month written ten letters a week. I correspond with four Ladies' Aid Societies."

Our story during these years of hospital life is necessarily a sad one. The record of sickness, suffering and death is not cheering, but the dark background serves to throw out into the the strongest light the good deeds of those who served, and the patience and Christian resignation of those who endured.

The last of February the regiment was ordered to Paducah, Kentucky. Six companies left Shawneetown at once, the remainder waiting for the next boat. The hospital was not moved until the rest had embarked, in order that all the sick might be gathered in before they started. On Tuesday afternoon, the fourth of March, the last battalion and all the hospital patients left, going, however, only as far as Smithland, Kentucky. Each battalion was entitled to a nurse, so Major Niglas, head surgeon of the regiment, not wishing to separate Mrs. Sturgis and her daughter, took them with him to Paducah, where the larger part of the regiment was already stationed. Aunt Lizzie was left with the assistant

surgeon to care for the sick at Smithland. A tavern was seized upon for a hospital, and in a few hours all were made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

A few extracts from letters will tell the story of the first few days at Paducah, better than any description of mine:

"The doctor would not take the Post Hospital, and one battalion would not justify him in opening one of his own, therefore, after spending three days with them, I left Smithland for Paducah, to join the old doctor and his crew, or to be discharged, I did not know which. The doctor, Major Niglas, gave me a hearty welcome, and I went on duty the same night. Our school-house is crowded to overflowing, although two stories high. A neat little cottage in the lot adjoining our hospital has been rented, where all the cooking is done. We ladies have a pleasant front room. * * * *

"I do hope I shall be able to act as nurse during the campaign; knowing the wants and sufferings of the poor soldiers, I should be perfectly wretched to return home."

A little later she writes:

"Great threats are made against us, yet I never was so free from fear in my life, for I do feel, Mother, that our cause is just. A dispatch was sent to Cairo for two regiments. They received the word at eleven last night; at nine this morning they were marching up Broadway. I do believe some of the Revolutionary blood is yet in my veins; the worth of my liberty, my country is everything; but it is time to go on duty."

"We have eleven hospitals in this city. I am at St. Mark's, the First Baptist Church. It is a very large edifice, will hold five hundred patients. We have fifteen hundred changes of clothing. My dear Mother, I have so much to stimulate me in

my arduous work. I see represented in our linen closet, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois. It would astonish you to see the Yankee socks: the heels run, and yarn to darn them with; and such boxes of woolen blankets, coverlets quilts, comforts, underclothing, sheets, and pillow-cases." * * *

"My task is not so hard as through the winter. I am on duty only four hours at a time—at eight in the morning and eight at night. The stench of the wounds is almost past endurance, yet how small seems the sacrifice on my part when I look at the bravery of these poor fellows. No murmurs, no complaints."

To another she writes:

"We have four thousand men stationed here. With all the elegance of their uniform, all the beauty of their drill, all the patriotism of their martial music, my soul is made sad when I think of the background of sighs and groans of the dying. In going through the long rows of wounded men, such fortitude I never saw; not a groan, not a murmur escapes their lips. As for myself, my endurance astonishes me. Let some poor fellow say: 'Cannot Aunt Lizzie stand by me through the amputation, and hold my hand?' and let me hear it, I cannot refuse to do anything to alleviate his sufferings. I shall look for a letter from mother soon. Tell her I am about my Master's business. Don't worry about me. Could you be present and see a soldier die, hear the last expression that falls from his lips, as he tells me: 'Say to my mother that I am my country's sacrifice; say to my wife, may she and my children enjoy peace and freedom,' you would not wonder that I feel that I must remain."

Indeed, the sending of messages to the relatives

of the dying was no small part of the work of a faithful hospital nurse. Often Aunt Lizzie left the stifling hospital ward, after four hours of incessant toil, and the mental strain that invariably comes from the sight of such suffering; but when she reached her quiet chamber in the parsonage, she could not take the much needed rest. Far into the night she wrote letters bearing the last sorrowful messages of love, fresh from the lips of the dying. The little tablets that she carried about in her pocket were always filled with such memoranda. To her unwearied labors in this direction, how many owe the satisfaction of knowing that their loved ones passed away breathing a last prayer for dear friends far away.

It was at Paducah that Aunt Lizzie first came in contact with the Sanitary Commission. When she took charge, as head nurse, of St. Mark's Hospital, she found the basement full of boxes from seven different States, even from those as far west as Iowa and Minnesota. Not only were there, as we have already seen, large quantities of bed linen and clothing, but also boxes of bandages and barrels of lint, as well as all kinds of portable luxuries suitable for the sick. After her long worry during the winter, when she could hardly procure anything fit for her patients to eat, and when men voted as to who should be the happy possessor of a pillow, this unwonted

abundance filled her with enthusiasm. The sympathy displayed for the soldiers by women all over the land, from Maine to Minnesota, could but stimulate and encourage her. As she herself says, she felt the heart of the nation throbbing for the wounded.

The battle of Shiloh was fought at the beginning of April. Like so many of our battles, it lasted for two days. The Union troops were first repulsed, and then, being re-enforced, repulsed the enemy with success, and regained all the prisoners and stores that they had lost. There was great slaughter and suffering on both sides. The wounded were sent on boats to Paducah, laid in long rows on the floor, with grass packed between them, and a bit of hard-tack in their pockets. Many were dying, many were already dead as the boat, bearing a load of wounded for St. Mark's, swung to shore at Paducah. Ah! what a test of her womanly fortitude was it, when Aunt Lizzie went down the plank into this crowd of sorrow. The wounded were packed so closely together that she could hardly step between them; many of them had bled to death, and as she went from one to another, the tide of their streaming life-blood wet her feet. The surgeon stood in the hatchway, and gave her orders to administer to each a swallow of wine. With a little china cup tied to her belt, she went among them lifting their fainting heads and begging them for their lives to

take some nourishment. Never in her life had she performed a mission so holy. After her came the details with pails of chicken-broth, giving those who could take it a little at a time, till they recovered strength to endure the anguish of being lifted and laid on stretchers, and carried to the hospital. It is one of the wonders of human nature, that such scenes as this develop the most sublime unselfishness. As Aunt Lizzie pressed her cup to the lips of those suffering men, lying in their blood, they looked up into her face and faintly whispered, "don't forget my comrade." "My boys" she answered, in her hearty, cheerful way, which is always as good a tonic as a cup of wine, "my boys, I will come to every one of you."

As the line of stretchers crept slowly to the hospital, it looked like one long funeral procession. Aunt Lizzie stood watching them as they passed, quite unconscious in her excitement, that her garments were dyed crimson with blood. One young man, in his helplessness, looked up at her most pitifully and said,

"Mother do you see me?"

"Yes, my son," she replied, "I see that you have lost an arm."

"But look again," he said, and then she saw that a leg had also been shot away. He reached out his trembling hand and said faintly,

"Oh Mother if you could but take my hand and walk along beside me."

"Certainly," she answered, "I will."

They had gone but a few steps when the blood spurted from the wounded arm. The bearers carefully set him down, while Aunt Lizzie snatched a compress from her pocket and applied it. In a few minutes she saw the gray shadow of exhaustion steal over his face. Looking up at her he sighed, "I am so faint, what shall I do?" She administered a spoonful of wine, when he exclaimed, "What can I do?" Her mother-heart full of tenderness, and her eyes full of tears, she said,

"My son, my son, look to Jesus."

"O, I know, I know I must look to Him," was the answer.

After a moment's pause, as he was sinking in death, he gazed up into heaven, and crying gladly, "I look, I look," passed away, "looking unto Jesus."

During four weeks the toil of the devoted nurses was incessant. Among others, Colonel St. Clair Bass, of the Thirty-first Indiana Regiment, was brought in with many of his regiment, fatally wounded. Through the long days that elapsed before he died, he never uttered a groan or a murmur, but at every cry from his soldiers he exclaimed "oh my noble boys, my poor boys, take care of them, they fought so bravely." His wife and children came

just in time to see him die, but he did not recognize them. Mrs. Bass has kindly furnished an account of this sad time, from which we quote. "One o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth of April found us at Paducah, anxiously searching from one hospital to another, all churches, for St. Mark's. At last we reached it, gave the pass-word and were admitted by the sentinel, who sent an orderly to inform the nurse in charge of our arrival. The orderly returned, saying, 'Aunt Lizzie has had Col. Bass moved to the linen-room,—you may come.' I can never forget Aunt Lizzie's whispered salutation: "Dear child, you have come, but I fear too late; still this kiss is yours, for he said, 'Give it to Eliza if she comes too late.'" and, hush dear children, your only hope for recognition from husband, father or brother is in quiet watching and waiting for the possible conscious moment.' A pallet of blue coats was made on the floor for the child, while we watched, waited and hoped for the word or token that never came. With the first grey streak of dawn Aunt Lizzie closed the eyes, composed the features—the brave soul had passed away."

"Can we whose loved ones have received in sickness and in death such tender care as Aunt Lizzie with her loving heart and deep religious nature gives to all, ever be grateful enough? Gratitude should take a more substantial form than mere

appreciation. Aunt Lizzie has earned the right to begin her future reward here on earth, and it should be said to her by actions as well as words, 'rest from labor.' "

Though a little aside from our purpose, we cannot refrain from finishing this sad story.

Col. Bass, although at the head of an Indiana regiment, was a native of Kentucky, having been born within thirty miles of Paducah. His father arrived after he had been placed in his coffin. Aunt Lizzie approached the aged mourner as he gazed on the dead, and quietly said: "He left this message, 'Tell my father, if I do not live to see him, how hard I struggled to sustain the principles of saving the Union.' "

The old man, bowed with age, bent his grey head over the lifeless countenance, and with a look of almost unnatural composure said, "Well done, my son; what though my property be destroyed, what though my children fall, or my own life be sacrificed, so that my government be preserved!"

It was a night never to be forgotten by Aunt Lizzie, when all the Indiana regiments in Paducah formed a grand funeral procession, their weapons glittering in the moonlight, and escorted the body of Col. Bass to the boat that was to bear it home for burial. Behind the coffin walked bare-headed the aged father and one of Paducah's best judges,

an intense Union man and a schoolmate of the mourner, by his side, their white locks blown about by the breeze. "I am proud," writes Aunt Lizzie, in the letter from which this description is taken, "I am proud of Kentucky Unionists; they know what they are fighting for; they would make some of our Northern men hide their heads in shame."

One evening in April, Paducah was visited by a tornado. At the close of an excessively hot day, a storm suddenly arose, accompanied by a violent wind. The tin roof of St. Mark's Hospital was rolled up like a sheet of paper and carried off, leaving the inmates exposed to the storm. Aunt Lizzie's courage rose to the occasion; she at once ordered the details to carry the sick over to that part of the building where the wind was least heavy, and spent the night in protecting them as far as possible from its effects. Toward morning, the surgeon and the steward came over to offer aid, which Aunt Lizzie's energy had rendered unnecessary.

In June, their considerate friend, head-surgeon Niglas, perceiving that the garments of Aunt Lizzie and Mother Sturgis were nearly worn out, suggested to the Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield the idea of replacing them. The ladies responded by sending an entire summer outfit, accompanied by a note

in which they say, "As we cannot labor ourselves in the hospitals, we are very glad to help those who give their whole time to that noble service."

In the heat of a southern June, Aunt Lizzie's morning work began by accompanying the doctor in his visit to the wards. This was immediately followed by the oversight of the ten o'clock lunch for the convalescents; then the changing of all the bed linen and clothing of a hundred and ten patients; after that she seasoned the soup for dinner, gave the medicine to both wards, sang "Rock of Ages," or some other hymn, and then left to get her own dinner. "My usual salutation in the morning," she writes, "is, how are you, my fellow-soldiers? and then I sing to them 'The Red, White and Blue,' 'Our Flag is There,' or some other patriotic song."

There was with all the suffering, a comical side to hospital life, that often crops out in Aunt Lizzie's stories. While at Paducah, though amply supplied with all manner of sanitary stores, they were often sadly in want of chickens to make broth for convalescents. There was an immense "secesh" rooster, which annoyed them greatly by crowing with great vigor at unseasonable hours, behind the hospital. He was an overgrown Shanghai, of ancient birth--in fact belonged to one of the first families; at least Aunt Lizzie thought when she tried to cook

him that he probably came out of the ark. One day as she stood by the window pondering over ways and means for feeding her patients, she happened to see this patriarch, and it occurred to her that he was contraband of war, and that she might lawfully confiscate him to make a feast for her boys. Very early in the morning, she sent three men to catch him, when unfortunately he ran straight into the hall, and was caught, shrieking as only an ancient fowl can, directly in front of the head surgeon's room. In a minute or two, the door was opened by the surgeon in dressing gown and slippers, with a little black smoking cap on his head, very angry indeed at having his morning nap disturbed. He threatened to send the soldiers to the guard house, and bade them let the rooster go, to stop his noise. Aunt Lizzie, on the other hand, was determined not to lose her chicken broth at this late hour. Standing invisible behind the front door she whispered, "My boys, don't you dare to leave your victim unslain. If you are sent to the guard house, let me know and I will defend you." The result was that about the time the old rebel was ready for the pot, an orderly came in search of Aunt Lizzie. The surgeon had caused the soldiers to be arrested, and they had sent for her to help them out of their difficulty. When she opened the door, she saw that the doctor was still very much

incensed, and probably would not listen to any of her explanations, while the three boys stood regarding her with rueful looks. She perceived at once that nothing could be done, unless she could surprise the surgeon into good nature, so putting her finger in her mouth, and hanging her head like a naughty child, she walked into the room with an air of the greatest dejection. The surgeon looked up sternly.

"What is the matter?" he said.

"I'm afraid, sir," was the answer.

"Afraid of what?" asked the doctor, somewhat astonished.

"I'm afraid you'll scold me, sir," said Aunt Lizzie, still apparently very penitent. Her pitiful look caused him to succumb. He laughed and said, "Boys, go to your regiment, and Aunt Lizzie, go you to your wounded; but catch no more hens so early in the morning."

Four days they cooked that ancient fowl. Every day he made a good pot-full of broth, and grew tougher and tougher. How old he was still remains a mystery.

As the seat of war shifted to the South and West, the hospitals naturally followed in the track of the armies, in order to be near the battlefields. Accordingly, on the twenty-first of July, the hospital of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry was ordered to Memphis,

Tennessee, which had been in possession of the Union troops for more than two months, and was considered secure from attacks of the enemy. A great number of the wounded were sent home. Still there were some two hundred and eighty left to be cared for. These were carefully carried on board the steamer, "*Prima Donna*," and tended by their faithful nurses. At Cairo they parted with Surgeon Niglas, who was forced to return for some time, to Peoria, and who left his patients with confidence to the care of Aunt Lizzie and Mother Sturgis. At Columbus, they took as escort, a large gun-boat with twelve cannon, and in this war-like manner proceeded down the Mississippi.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth of July, the "*Prima Donna*" reached Memphis, passing to the wharf between two large gun-boats, stationed as guard before the city.

A large, unfinished, brick building was at first occupied as a hospital, and the sick and wounded of the regiment, many of whom were already in other hospitals, were brought to it. The very afternoon that she arrived, the officers of the regiment called upon Aunt Lizzie and insisted upon her taking the sick from the camp. The boys themselves begged to come, willing to trust to her skill till the doctor should return. She also found, already in the United States Hospital, thirty of the soldiers of

her regiment, who were delighted that she had come. One young man saw her across the hall, and cried out almost with his last breath, "Oh, Aunt Lizzie, you have come too late, your boy is dying." The sick were brought from camp in ambulances, and while Mother Sturgis and her daughter saw them comfortably bestowed in their cots, Aunt Lizzie, in her new role of doctor, went from one to another and prescribed their medicine. Ten days after, when the doctor arrived, he found her with her fourteen new patients all doing well. Among other diseases she had treated them for typhoid fever, pneumonia and cholera morbus. The surgeon complimented her as an apt student, and she went gladly back to her place as nurse, content with having proved that she could play the part of doctor, if necessary.

Memphis was full of soldiers, thirty thousand were encamped in and around the town. Among these regiments was the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, "Gov. Yates' Legion," as it was called, to which Aunt Lizzie belonged. The boys out on picket duty did not forget their friends in the hospital, but every morning brought in bags of large, delicious peaches, confiscated in the suburbs. The stock of vegetables was kept up in the same way; whatever luxuries of the kind had been planted in the spring, around Memphis, were not lacking to the sick and wounded.

Aunt Lizzie tells a pitiful story of four negroes for whom she cared in Memphis. Two men named Alfred and Henderson, with their wives Chloe and Mary Jane, slaves in Mississippi, ran away, hoping to reach Memphis and freedom. They traveled by night, and hid during the day in woods and swamps, subsisting on fruit that they took from gardens. When near Holly Springs, about forty miles from Memphis, they were discovered, and hunted with bloodhounds. They rushed into a swamp overgrown with thickets, the men generously covering the retreat of their wives. As Alfred was escaping, a hound caught at the calf of his leg and stripped off the flesh down to the heel. Still he persisted in trying to get away, and their pursuers were obliged to shoot both him and Henderson, before they would submit to being dragged to the Holly Springs' jail. A part of Aunt Lizzie's regiment was stationed near, and the Colonel hearing of the occurrence, took a squad of men, opened the jail, and sent the poor fugitives to the hospital at Memphis. Aunt Lizzie dressed their wounds, and took care of them for nearly a month. But owing to the severity of the wounds and consequent exposure, the men died. They were both true Christians and sang many camp-meeting hymns which Aunt Lizzie had never heard before. She learned from them, "We're going home to die no more," which they sang often

and with great fervor. As Alfred was dying, he thanked his kind nurse for her care, and added, "Missus, I've gave my life for my freedom, but I shall soon be with Jesus." The two women had been unhurt in the scuffle, and gladly gave their services to the hospital. Mary Jane died after two years of faithful service. Chloe still survives.

In October, the hospital was removed to the residence of Colonel Hunt, on Beale Street. The Colonel and his family were not at home, having fled from the city on the approach of General Grant. Everything had been left in their flight, even to two old negroes—Aunt Judy and her husband Sam. The house had been General Grant's head-quarters when he entered the city. It stood in the middle of a ten-acre garden, surrounded by noble evergreens, fully thirty years old, and many magnolia trees. The house contained fifteen rooms, elegantly furnished. Miss Babcock of Chicago, occupied the back parlor with Aunt Lizzie. This room, filled with luxurious lounges and arm-chairs, was so great a contrast to their former quarters, that Aunt Lizzie found herself wishing that they might be permitted to stay there all winter. One side of the large room was fitted up with shelves to hold the bed linen and garments of the sick. Miss Babcock had just returned from Chicago, laden with gifts from the church to which she belonged, to gladden

the hearts of all by her goodness and helpfulness. At this time she superintended the laundry, and filled the place of housekeeper to the entire family. Aunt Judy did the cooking. Aunt Lizzie and Mother Sturgis had charge of the hospital.

Across the road was the Medical College, filled with wounded, and scattered about the garden were hospital tents. Exposure in passing from one to another of these, during the chilly autumnal rains, brought on a violent attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which laid Aunt Lizzie on a bed of pain for four long weeks. The suffering that she endured was violent in itself, but was rendered more unbearable by her hearing the cries of those whom she could no longer assist. One poor boy, shot through the foot, lay at the end of the long hall, and often cried out in some paroxysm of pain: "Oh God! oh God!" Up stairs an old wounded captain moaned: "Oh Lord! oh Lord!" and as she heard them, Aunt Lizzie comprehended both herself, and them, and all the wounded, in one petition, and prayed: "Oh God, oh Lord have mercy!"

In November the Sixth Illinois Cavalry was ordered South, but Surgeon Niglas did not consider it advisable that the nurses should follow their march into the enemy's country. He therefore left them in Memphis, having secured places for them

at the Ovington Hospital. Aunt Lizzie and Mother Sturgis thus ceased to be the nurses of a regiment, and entered upon a broader work in the general hospitals of Memphis.

CHAPTER V.

AUNT LIZZIE IN THE GENERAL HOSPITALS.

THE Ovington Hospital had formerly been the finest hotel in Memphis, and was under the care of six sisters of the Holy Cross, and six Protestant nurses. Aunt Lizzie had charge of Ward A, in which lay over a hundred sick and wounded men. Here she remained until the early part of January, 1863. The weather during November and December was very severe. Snow storms were frequent and the cold unusual. The hospital, having been built for a hotel, had wide iron stair-cases. The exposure and chill incident to passing over these stairs and through the vast unheated halls was such that many of the nurses could not endure it, and were forced to return home. Strange as it may seem, though just recovering from her attack of rheumatism, the pressure of work seemed to do Aunt Lizzie good. Though taking the responsibility of caring for a hundred patients, with an eye to the work of the diet-room on the floor, she was

much more able to endure the fatigue than many who came fresh and well from home.

When Sherman's army started from Memphis on the first expedition against Vicksburg, Aunt Lizzie stood and watched those thousands of brave men as they marched past in the sunshine of the bright winter day. All the bands played, the flags waved, and the weapons flashed in the sunlight; but well she knew that many of the soldiers who started away with such éclat would return to her for a word of sympathy, a drop of water, wounded and dying. And so it proved to be. Large numbers of the younger men were soon smitten with pneumonia and were brought back in ambulances. All night they were received at the hospital. Soon followed the wounded of that disastrous campaign, till the heart and hands had all that they could do day and night.

One day, just after Christmas, a note was handed Aunt Lizzie, stating that six hundred sick had just arrived at the Jefferson Hospital, and that her brother Bertrand was among the number. She went down quickly and found the street in front of the hospital full of stretchers, standing in the snow. The sick men lying on them were a piteous sight. Many of them were mere skeletons, who looked after Aunt Lizzie with gaunt and hungry eyes. They had been recaptured from a Southern prison, where they had

been almost starved to death, and brought up the river to Memphis. With an aching heart Aunt Lizzie passed about among them, failing to discover in any of the pinched and altered faces the blooming, youthful features of her youngest brother, the pet of the household. At last one of them looked wistfully at her and said, faintly, "O, Lizzie, how much you look like mother." It was Bertrand; but oh, how changed! If he had not known her she never would have recognized him; pale, emaciated, looking almost like an old man. In spite of her joy at finding him, it was a tearful meeting. She went at once to the Medical Director and had him transferred to her own hospital. The sight of his sister infused new strength into his weary limbs, and he insisted upon walking up to Ovington Block with her. She took him into her own room, that she might devote all her spare time to him, for he was far more ill than he was at first willing to confess. Mother Sturgis took the greatest interest in him, and together they did all in their power to help him back to life and strength. But their loving care availed little. The foundations of his vigor had been too systematically sapped by exposure and starvation. The devoted women never were able to restore him to a point where he did not feel "all tired out," and in March they resolved to try the effects of a change of air. Aunt Lizzie sent him

in care of friends to St. Louis, where his brother Mr. Ward Atherton, met him and took him home to Hoyleton, Illinois .

During this autumn and winter Aunt Lizzie and Mother Sturgis were sent down by rail two or three times, to help bring home those wounded in the frequent skirmishes and fights to the South and East of Memphis. They found houses, the windows of which were all broken by the cannonading, full of the wounded, and also many wounded men still on the battle-field. Their long experience had made them skillful in dressing wounds, and they occupied themselves for hours in helping the surgeons and administering comfort and religious consolation to the dying. When the long train was filled with sufferers, they fed and tended them till they arrived at the hospital.

In January, there being no longer room for the wounded that poured into Memphis, Aunt Lizzie and Mrs. Sturgis were ordered to Adams Block Hospital, to fit it up with twelve hundred cots. The building, which covered an entire square, was five stories high, and had been built for a hotel. Aunt Lizzie was installed head nurse, with Mother Sturgis as ever her most efficient and energetic helper. A large corps of excellent nurses assisted them. As soon as the hospital was ready, it was immediately filled with wounded brought from

Corinth, Holly Springs and other places, who had hitherto been lodged in stores and private houses. Near the hospital a bakery was built, to supply it with bread. Six bakers were found among the troops, and sent to Aunt Lizzie that she might make her choice. She shrewdly looked them all over, laid her hand on the shoulder of a short, little Englishman, and said, "This is the man I want." Not knowing for what purpose he had been detailed, he did not understand the proceeding, and as he looked inquiringly at the officer in charge, his grey eyes stood out with fear. Aunt Lizzie, however, soon put him at his ease, and set him at preparing home-made bread for her patients. He proved to be a skillful workman.

Occasionally it required considerable tact to manage homesick boys, and keep them from dying from sheer want of ambition to live. One day a young man of the Second Iowa Cavalry was brought into ward, with simply a flesh wound in his foot. He was laid on a cot between two men, one of whom had lost his arm, and the other a leg. These poor, maimed soldiers were patient and contented, but the young fellow between them was almost at the point of death with homesickness and despondency. He continually assured Aunt Lizzie that he knew he should die, and by no words of persuasion could she induce him to eat.

One morning the physician in his rounds told the good nurse, who had become somewhat anxious about her patient, that there was no danger whatever from the wound, but that he was really failing from want of nourishment. On entering the ward Aunt Lizzie urged him to partake of some food, telling him that she expected his mother every day, and that she wanted him to be at least able to greet her when she came. But all her persuasions were in vain. He thought it was of no use to eat, he said, when he was so near heaven. He looked very sober over the matter. Aunt Lizzie stood by his side with a little breakfast that she had taken great pains to render inviting, a waiter covered with a white napkin, a cup of tea with a silver spoon, a plate of broiled ham, poached eggs and fried potatoes. She put on as sober a face as his own, and assured him that he need not talk about going to heaven; that a hungry soul like him would not be received. "The Lord," she went on, "will not welcome one who goes hungry, when it is his duty to eat."

He looked up with great earnestness, and said: "Do you really think so, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Why, certainly, *certainly*," was the reply. Immediately he seized the plate and ate everything on it with the greatest relish, amid shouts of laughter from everybody in the room. After that he ate with

appetite, as well as from a sense of duty, and when his mother came a few days after, and found him improving and cheerful, he told her that Aunt Lizzie had saved his life by her little ruse.

After many unsuccessful attempts to get away for a few days Aunt Lizzie at last obtained leave of absence for a month.

When refreshed by her rest, she returned to Memphis, she was escorted from the boat by ten of her boys, who had come down to meet her, and received the heartiest greetings from all her patients, many of whom had counted the days till she should return.

That same day as Aunt Lizzie stood at the farther end of the ward, superintending the bestowment of wounded brought from Vicksburg, she saw two men bring in a youth of nineteen, entirely delirious. On seeing her he cried out at the top of his voice, "Mother, mother, my dear, dear mother, come to me." As Aunt Lizzie passed down the ward to meet him, one of his comrades, with his arm in a sling, whispered to her, "Call him Tommy, call him Tommy, that's his name." Persuaded in his delirious fancy that it was really his mother, the sick youth clasped his arms round Aunt Lizzie's neck and cried out,

"Boys, boys, didn't I tell you that I would see my mother before I died."

Aunt Lizzie sought to quiet him. "Be composed, my son," she said, "I have many comforts here—I will take care of you."

As she helped lay him on his cot, his first word was, "Mother, now won't you kneel down and pray softly as you did when I went away?" Dropping on her knees beside his cot, as his own widowed mother might have done, this childless mother laid him tenderly on the bosom of his God. During the night he grew weaker and weaker, and as Aunt Lizzie came to sit by him he said, "Sing me Sister Hattie's tune." "Which one, my son?" asked Aunt Lizzie. It proved to be one with which she was familiar, and together they sang,

"Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When thy tired heart is weary and distressed
Seeking the comfort of thy heavenly Father,
Come unto me and I will give thee rest."

He carried his part in a sweet, clear, rich tone, that sounded like a voice from another world, as it rang through the room in the silent midnight. The whole ward lifted up their heads and listened. All night long Aunt Lizzie sat by him. After a time he became blind, and at intervals cried out, "Mother are you here, don't let me die alone," when she would lay her hand on him and assure him that she was still beside him. As the morning sunlight came streaming into the windows, he

peacefully fell asleep in death, without a sigh, still under the delusion that his mother was near him.

The boat that arrived at Memphis at nine o'clock that same morning brought his own mother from Ohio. She hastened to the surgeon's office to read the list of the dead, but the Major's heart was too full of tenderness for him to allow her to do so. He could not even announce to her the painful fact that her son lay robed for the grave by other hands than her own. He accordingly dispatched an orderly for Aunt Lizzie to come. She led the poor mother, whose fears were all confirmed by the manner of her reception, into the hall and gently told her that her son was safe in the arms of Jesus. She could not rest a moment until she went across the road to the morgue. There lay thirty of the dead in rows along the sides of the room. Aunt Lizzie quietly lifted the sheet from the marble face, and was filled with astonishment and admiration at the calmness and resignation of the mother. As she stood and looked at her darling she said, "God is my support in this trial. For two long years, Madam, in my dreams I have seen my dear boy wounded, disfigured, dying on the battle-field, but now he looks so like himself and so peaceful that death is robbed of half its sting." She kissed the still face, and then turning to Aunt Lizzie drew her closely to her heart and said, "How I love you, how I love you."

That same evening she left Memphis taking with her the dead body of her son, and a gratitude and friendship for Aunt Lizzie that could only end with her life.

In one of the wards lay a boy who was very homesick. It often happened that those who were only slightly wounded were devoured by this longing to see their friends and their distant homes. Cases have been known where men have died from no other cause. As day after day passed by, and the young soldier grew no better, the doctor began to feel uneasy about him. It seemed wholly unnecessary that he should die from the sheer effects of imagination. Meeting Aunt Lizzie in the hall, just after a discouraging visit to his patient, the physician said to her, "I will give you a dollar if you can make that young fellow smile. I believe it would save his life." She playfully answered, "O I can do it for less than that." And so she did in a manner quite unexpected even to herself. The next morning, she needed water in the diet room, and stepped into the next ward to call some one to get it. The homesick boy lay close to the door, looking as sad and forlorn as might well be. She called out hurriedly to him, "My boy, speak to that fellow with that gray shirt, to call to that boy with the red shirt, to cry out to that fellow with the white shirt there, to tell that boy with that cap, to speak

to that man with the hat, and tell him I want a pail of water in two minutes." The absurdity of the message was too much for the gravity of any one, and in spite of his determination never to be happy again, the sick boy broke out into a fit of laughter that could hardly be restrained all day. Whenever he thought of that pail of water, he laughed immoderately. The next morning the doctor found him still laughing, and in blank astonishment asked "What on earth does this mean?" The patient went on to describe the scene to him, telling him what a funny woman Aunt Lizzie was, and how she would get anything done that she wanted, under all circumstances. The doctor shared in his opinion, went at once to find Aunt Lizzie, and insisted upon paying the dollar. "You have fully earned it Aunt Lizzie," he said, "for my patient is rapidly recovering." The dollar no doubt went the way of most of Aunt Lizzie's dollars, and was spent in procuring some little luxury, not in the hospital stores, which some poor sick man craved.

Another of her tact cures was that of the head-surgeon of the hospital. Years afterwards at an army re-union in Wisconsin, he told the story in this wise: He was very ill and one morning sent for Aunt Lizzie to come and visit him. When she arrived he complained to her that he could procure nothing fit to eat, adding, "If I only had my

mother here, she would fix up something that I could relish." Aunt Lizzie pretended to take this speech quite to heart. "Don't you suppose," said she, "that I can cook as well as your mother? I will bring you up a dish as nice as anything she can fix; but I don't want to cook for nothing, I must have your promise that you will eat whatever I fetch you." After some hesitation, as he really had no appetite, he promised to try and and dispose of whatever she might cook.

Going into the diet room, she happened to see a salt cod-fish hanging up in the corner, and remembered having heard old physicians say that it was the best thing to restore the appetite of patients, who had lost the tone of their stomachs. She cut off the tail, and roasted it in front of the fire, then served it up with butter, crackers and a couple of jokes. Either the salt, or the cheerful face that accompanied it, made it palatable, and to use the surgeon's own words: Aunt Lizzie saved his life with a codfish tail.

The State Committees of the Sanitary Commission sent special agents to the hospitals South, in charge of stores. The Ohio agent came one morning to Adams Block. While engaged in his tour of inspection through the hospital, he came into a room where the windows were all thrown open for air. A dying man lay close by one of them, gasp-

ing for breath. Aunt Lizzie sat by him, fanning him gently and singing "Jesus, Lover of my soul." The ward-master saw a young officer riding up the street, and suggested to the agent that he should stand one side and witness the scene that would shortly occur. The young soldier rode on a most beautiful black horse, the gift of his uncle, and was dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant. He was the favorite nephew of a colonel, who, when he met Aunt Lizzie, often said: "Whatever happens to me, take care of my boy." And indeed there was good reason for this fondness. The young soldier had been carefully educated, and was noble both in his appearance and his daily life. He had taken a great fancy to Aunt Lizzie, and whenever he was ordered off, came to bid her good-bye. Nine times already had he come to ask her blessing, and receive a word of Christian encouragement, or a little book to read on the march. This very afternoon he had begged leave of absence, saying to his uncle: "Let me go, just an instant, to get Aunt Lizzie's God bless you."

As he rode up, she looked out of the window and saw him coming. She knew his errand before he spoke, so leaning out she cried, "God bless you, my boy, once again, fight like a man."

"Aunt Lizzie," said he, "do you see that battalion over there by the ravine? Those are our men,

we are ordered off at once. I could not go without saying good-bye to you."

"That is right my son," answered she, "God be with you, don't be a coward. God bless you once again." As he rode off she called after him, "Don't be shot in the back."

"Never, Aunt Lizzie, never," he cried, turning and touching to her his cavalry hat with its long, sweeping, black plume. In a minute he was out of sight, and Aunt Lizzie, with a prophetic thought of evil, leaned her head on the sill, and wept as if parting from her own son.

The next evening, at sundown, the long train of ambulances brought in the wounded from the fight. The dead were carried into the basement and laid on shelves, in ice, till they could be buried. As Aunt Lizzie was superintending the care of the wounded, an assistant came up to her and said, "Aunt Lizzie, your boy is down there," pointing to the basement. "Which one?" she asked. It was the young lieutenant whom she had blessed from the window the day before. He was coming into town with fifty prisoners in charge, when he was shot by an ambuscade. The assassins who slew him had plundered his body of everything of any value, killed his horse, and with a pistol had blown off his face after he was dead. Aunt Lizzie, remembering his uncle's charge, went down as soon as possible to

attend to his poor body. She found the form that but yesterday she had seen so instinct with life and hope, pinned up in a blanket, and riddled by eleven bullets. She carefully washed off the blood and combed out the matted hair, and as she worked her indignation grew. In this one dead soldier she saw, as it were, all the victims of a mad ambition robbed, disfigured, dead.

It was about this time that Aunt Lizzie received from the Soldiers' Aid Societies of Brimfield and Peoria large quantities of jam and preserved fruits, and, greatest luxury of all, a barrel of fresh butter. The very next day the remnants of an Ohio regiment came up the river, very much worn, and were sent ashore for a few hours. They were waiting further orders in the convalescent ward of the hospital at Adams Block, when Aunt Lizzie heard of their arrival. Knowing that they must be very hungry, she ordered a quantity of fresh bread from the hospital bakery. Her barrel of butter was wheeled into the room, and standing by the door, she handed to each of those six hundred men a good thick slice of bread and butter covered with jam, as they filed out to take the boat again. Many were the jokes and the compliments paid to her and the ladies at home. "Never tasted anything so good in my life," said one. "It's just like what my mother used to give me when I was a good boy," laughed

another. "Hurrah for Aunt Lizzie!" cried they all as they passed out of the door. They went cheerfully on their way, and in a few minutes the empty jam-pots and the half-empty barrel were all that showed that they had been in Memphis at all.

The month of August was full of great trials and sorrow to Aunt Lizzie. On the third day of that month her brother Bertrand died at Cavendish. He had returned to the old home with his mother, but the effort had been too great for his failing strength, and in ten days he quietly passed away.

In this month, also, Colonel David Irons died at Nashville, Tennessee.

To these depressing events were added other things that made this month of August one of the severest during Aunt Lizzie's army service. The heat was intense; the hospital had been refilled with sick from Vicksburg, and many of the nurses gave out utterly under the renewed burden, so Mother and Aunt Lizzie had, at times, to do double duty.

How determined and faithful they were may be shown by a little incident mentioned in a letter: Aunt Lizzie scalded her right hand so badly by spilling boiling chocolate over it that the skin was destroyed, and she could not use it for three weeks. Still, during that time, she was never absent from her post, and assisted Mother Sturgis to fill the places of four of the other nurses who were absent.

In November, Mrs. Sturgis was called home to Peoria by the severe illness of her daughter Annie, who soon after died. Thus was Aunt Lizzie deprived for months of her most faithful co-worker, and her most intimate friend.

The loyal ladies of Memphis formed themselves into a "Union League," on the eighteenth of November, with the the wife of Major Robb at their head. In addition to all their other labors for the soldiers, these ladies began to work for a Sanitary fair. Some time before they had started an impromptu flower-mission. The dreary wards of the hospitals were supplied with fresh flowers, bushels of which were sent every morning. Every available corner of table or shelf was adorned by the most lovely bouquets. Tin cans, that had held preserved fruits, or condensed milk, took the place of vases, and were easily made to pass for such, being hidden by a drapery of luxuriant vines. Many a loyal woman, who had nothing else to give, brought the choicest of her flowers, the sweetest roses, the purest magnolias, the most fragrant myrtle, that by their silent beauty they might help men to suffer and to die.

In February 1864, fifteen thousand cavalry left Memphis on a raid through Mississippi, the Sixth Illinois, Aunt Lizzie's own regiment, taking the lead. The soldiers flocked to the hospital by hundreds to bid her good-bye, leaving their photographs

with her for fear they might never return, and begging her to stay in Memphis at least four months longer, that they might have the satisfaction of feeling that if wounded they could be sent back to her for care. Aunt Lizzie, standing like a mother in the midst of the crowd, assured them that if God sustained her, she would surely remain until their return. The staff officers of the regiment, anxious to give her a substantial token of affectionate regard, presented her, before they left, with a gold watch and chain, and an album containing all their photographs. The general gave her, at the same time, a handsome black dress, which was certainly the most welcome gift that she could receive. In spite of the kindness of the ladies at home, Aunt Lizzie often found it very difficult to procure all necessary articles of clothing, and to pay for washing out of a salary of twelve dollars a month, and even that very irregularly paid.

Very many of these familiar faces she never saw again. Before the month closed, a long train of ambulances brought a hundred and fifty wounded to Adams Block, some of them the very boys who had bidden her good-bye but a few days before. They brought the sad news that five of their officers had been killed in a desperate fight on the Tallahatchee, all dying within twenty-five minutes of each other. How great a blessing Aunt Lizzie was

to those who were happy enough to reach Memphis alive, is best expressed by the words of one of them, a boy of nineteen, who died the next day, clinging to her hand as he went down into the dark valley: "Dear Aunt Lizzie," he said again and again, "what a comfort to have you sit beside me, to feel that I shall not die alone." After lying quite still for some minutes, he said, looking up very earnestly into her face, "Aunt Lizzie, may you not want some kind friend to comfort you when you die." She answered, "My son, God will provide." His eyes filling with tears, he said, "How much that sounds like my own dear mother's voice, tell my mother all," and died.

In the early spring, troops having been sent from Vicksburg to join the Red River Expedition, West Tennessee and Kentucky were left exposed to the attacks of the rebels. General Forrest, of the Confederate army, started with five thousand men to take Paducah, but was repulsed. He next attacked Fort Pillow, and took it by surprise. Then followed the cruel slaughter of helpless prisoners that has made the name of Forrest infamous. Some of the few who survived were brought to Memphis, and enlisted Aunt Lizzie's greatest sympathy by their deplorable condition, riddled with pistol-shots, and slashed by sabres. Her special ward was filled with wounded, and the most desperate cases were turned

over to her by the surgeons, who had learned to depend upon her skill and faithfulness.

The thoughts that passed through her mind continually during these dark days are best expressed by herself in a letter to her friend, Mrs. Irons. She says:

“There is so much to be done, so much need of more being done, so many sad hearts all about me to be cheered, so many broken spirits to be lifted tenderly and bound up lovingly, such great dark errors, such hungry, wolfish sorrows all about me, to be struggled with and conquered for myself, as well as my brother soldiers, that I feel I cannot make a play-day of one single day in which God gives me the glorious privilege of living. * * * * I deem my mission one of the holiest ever entrusted to mortals. I am content to work in a humble sphere, not forgetting that though I may not be the swift flowing river, I may be a drop or portion of it, which is pouring its blessings out upon suffering humanity. * * * * What rich, tender, happy, yet sad experiences I have had during my almost three years of service. I see grim-visaged war sit with frowning brow, holding his dripping sword, which has caused rivers of blood to flow on the battle-field, and deeper rivers of anguish from broken hearts and desolate firesides; what Spartan-like giving up of household idols, what noble acts of devotion and sacrifice of self! My sister, we are making up the leaves of a glorious history, and I thank God, woman is writing her golden sentences upon its pages.”

In August the Union soldiers in Memphis received several months' pay, a very large amount of money. General Forrest, hearing of this, determined to confiscate at least a part of it for his own

needy army. The Irving Block Prison was full of rebel prisoners, who doubtless knew of his coming, and were ready to join his band the moment he could reach them. He swept down upon Memphis, unexpectedly to its defenders, and succeeded in penetrating into the city. He pillaged the Gayosa Hospital, and started to liberate the prisoners. Aunt Lizzie, hearing the noise, leaned out of a third story window in Adams Block, and saw the Union soldiers, who were drawn up on the roof of the prison, shoot the rebels in the street, who were striving to force their way into the well-guarded doors of the building. A crowd of people, "cowards," Aunt Lizzie styles them, pressed down the street toward the river. Looking up, one after another recognized her, and called to her to escape, or the rebels would shoot her head off if she stood looking out at the fight. "Let them shoot," she cried, in a state of great excitement, "I *will* look."

A call for Aunt Lizzie, however, made her turn her attention to the hospital. There were eleven hundred sick and wounded in Adams Block, and it was thought best to send the women, and the patients able to be moved, across the river for safety. The idea occurred at once to one of the soldiers, that they had better put their watches and money, into the hands of the ladies. Aunt Lizzie and Mother Sturgis stood at either end of the halls and received

the valuables that were passed to them. The money was rolled up in packages, with full directions on each,—name, regiment, state and post office; so that if the owners were killed or captured, their property could be sent to their friends.

Aunt Lizzie received as her share fifty-seven watches, which she fastened to a belt and strapped around her waist. The money, amounting to several thousand dollars, she put into a large inside pocket. It was understood that she and the other nurses were to be sent immediately across the river, to a place of safety. But just as she was descending the stairs, an orderly rushed up with news that the colonel of her own regiment lay, badly wounded in a skirmish with the raiders, about a mile from the city.

In a moment all the fifty-seven ticking watches, the money and her own safety, were forgotten, and she resolved to go and care for him. At the door of the hospital, she found an Irishman standing by a lumbering old carryall. He had evidently been sent to take her and Mrs. Sturgis to the boat, but she determined to use him for her own purposes.

“Pat,” she said, in as broad a brogue as she could command, “there’s a lad down there badly wounded, and I’m after going to see him, how much will you take me for?”

Pat quite delighted to find, as he thought, one of

his own countrywomen in the hospital, pulled off his hat, gallantly replied that "sorra a cent would he be after taking," and helped her into the carry-all in fine style.

Hardly had they started, when she realized her thoughtlessness in thus entrusting herself and all her boys' property to the care of an entire stranger. In great fear lest he should hear the ticking of the watches, she began to talk to him. He, nothing loath, kept up the conversation. "And how long may you have been in this country?" he asked.

"About three years, sir," she answered.

"And do you live near here?" was the next question.

"No, indeed," she replied, "I came down from the North, to take care of the boys in the army."

Then she asked him if he had a family, for he seemed so delighted with her that she feared he might undertake to make love to her.

"Arrah, yes," he said, he had a wife and three children, "and would she come and see them?"

"Some other day," she answered, "now I must go and attend to the poor wounded lad."

Fortunately for Aunt Lizzie, the rebels were so fully occupied in Memphis that she encountered no stragglers of their army. She found the Colonel severely wounded and rapidly sinking from loss of blood. When she began staunching the wound

with lint, he looked up in great joy and surprise, "O, Aunt Lizzie," said he, "how did you get to me?"

"Never mind now," answered she, "only drink this brandy, so that we can carry you to headquarters." She found a couple of men, who placed him on a litter, and she walked back to town by his side, holding his hand to help him bear the great pain of being moved. When in the dusk of evening they passed slowly through the streets of Memphis, they found the place comparatively quiet. Forrest had been driven out, and order restored. In a short time all the watches were ticking under the pillows of their owners, who had never left the hospital, and the money was safely deposited where it belonged.

The next evening, Aunt Lizzie accompanied the Colonel to the boat, gave into the hands of his attendant a bottle of wine, and one of beef tea that she had prepared for him, and bade him farewell. She never saw him again. He had received his death-wound, and but for her rash courage and humanity probably would have expired on the field before help could reach him. As it was, he lingered a short time in his home at Jacksonville, Illinois, and died surrounded by his family.

A few days after this, Aunt Lizzie's Irish friend came to the hospital in search of her. He wished

to take her to make a visit at his house. He inquired of the head surgeon for the Irish woman who lived there.

"My good fellow," replied the surgeon, "there is no such person here."

"Ah, but there is; you can't cheat me; didn't I drive her myself from the door of this very house?"

Mother Sturgis overheard the altercation, and came running into the ward where Aunt Lizzie was busy. "Come quickly," she cried, "here is your Pat looking after you, and he will be very angry if he finds that you are not Bridget, after all." They hid her away in a linen closet, since the man insisted upon hunting through the wards for the woman who had talked so pleasantly to him. Finally, the clerk and the surgeon fairly drove him off, and he probably has never found out who Bridget was, to this day.

In September Aunt Lizzie left Memphis on her long promised visit to Peoria and Vermont. The officers of her regiment procured her a veteran's furlough of sixty days, and a railroad pass to Peoria. Wearied with her long service, she at first thought that after her visit was ended she would apply for permission to serve in a more Northern hospital, where her duties would be less arduous. She was, however, entreated by the officers of the Sanitary Commission in Memphis, and by the hos-

pital surgeons, to return. Colonel Robb, the Illinois Sanitary Agent, wrote:

*"Dear Aunt Lizzie:—*Hearing to-day that you were on the point of returning to your home in Peoria, I could not refrain from expressing the deep regret we all feel at your leaving us, after the long, pleasant intercourse we have enjoyed here. Yet the loss your friends will meet with will be but slight compared with that of the suffering men you leave behind you at Adams Block Hospital. Sadly indeed will they miss the cool hand on their burning brows, the kind and sympathizing word, when struggling with death or slowly returning to health. Still, we should not complain, for after the long and efficient services you have devoted to these brave men and your country, at the sacrifice of your comfort and home, I can but say, God bless you, and God speed you.

"Very truly and sincerely your friend,

"T. P. ROBB, Col. and Agent."

The Special Relief Agent of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, the Military Agents of Indiana and Iowa, the Superintendent of the United States General Hospital at Memphis, the chaplain and surgeon of her own hospital, all with one impulse wrote declaring that her departure will be a serious loss to Adams Block Hospital, where, for a year and eight months, she had been like a Christian mother to multitudes of our brave soldiers.

The Ohio Military Agent, determined if possible to keep her in Memphis, wrote as follows to the President of the Western Sanitary Commission:

Jas. E. Yeatman, Esq.,

SIR: From an acquaintance of something over a year with

Mrs. Aiken, acting Matron of the Adams Hospital in Memphis, I am decidedly of the opinion that the interests of the hospital service require that she be retained in her present position at this point.

True, her frankness of manner and "winning ways" would soon gain her friends wherever she might go. It however takes time to acquire the confidence she has here of all who have to do with the sick in hospitals.

She is conspicuous among the few who have any aptness for such service, adapting herself alike to all.

I trust and hope there will be no move looking to her transfer to another place.

Respectfully yours,

F. W. BINGHAM.

Under such a pressure of appreciation and regard, what could Aunt Lizzie do but promise to return and remain with her friends till the close of the war?

Her stay at Peoria was by no means one of unbroken rest and recreation. Hers was not a nature that could easily drop all thought of the sufferers she had left behind. Sorely worn as she was, she commenced at once to visit the towns about Peoria, gather together the women, and give a recital of hospital incidents. She asked for no money, but at the close of her affecting addresses an impromptu collection for the hospital was called for by the audience. In this way she raised seven hundred dollars before she left the West.

The ladies of the Peoria Loyal League sent her on to Vermont to visit her mother. Like most of those who give their all for the privilege of minis-

tering to the suffering of our race, she was then, as ever, cared for. Even the pleasures of life are not wanting as part of the reward of faithful, self-sacrificing service. Aunt Lizzie has all her life found that practically the sentiment is true,

“There was a man, though some did think him mad,
The more he gave away, the more he had.”

And so Aunt Lizzie, who had often spent her last cent for the comfort of a wounded soldier, still had the wish of her heart, and was permitted to go home once more and see her beloved mother, from whom she had been separated for eleven long years.

Three weeks of entire rest were spent in Cavendish. After her experience in the heat, noise and confusion of two summers at Memphis, nothing could have been more grateful than the quiet coolness of the little New England town. Here, too, she was far from the questions that disturbed other parts of the country. As she spoke at Cavendish, in behalf of her soldiers, it seemed to her that even the leaves of the trees, as they whispered in the breeze, spoke messages of loyalty and cheer.

She made a number of “sanitary addresses” in the neighboring towns and was received everywhere with appreciative enthusiasm.

At the close of her visit to Vermont, the loyal ladies of New Hampshire sent for her to give them reports of the hospital work in the Southwest.

She went with alacrity, since the call gave her not only the opportunity of making collections for her patients, but also of seeing her husband. He was at that time in the care of some relatives in New Hampshire, and Aunt Lizzie hoped that she might find him in improved health. But she was doomed to the bitterest disappointment. When she arrived at the house where he stayed, he did not recognize her, but received her as a stranger. No explanations seemed to bring her to his clouded remembrance. She was obliged to content herself with watching him through the window. The sight of his utter forgetfulness of her, filled her heart with such grief that she never again has submitted herself to the same trial. For many years she has faithfully performed her duty to him, so far as lies in her power. She has reversed the usual order of things and provided out of her salary for his maintainance. But this she could not do if she assumed the personal care of a helpless invalid, more unreasonable than a child.

The latter part of October, Aunt Lizzie returned to Memphis by way of Peoria, refreshed by the journey and strengthened for her work. She had raised in all about one thousand dollars for hospital stores. During her second visit in Peoria, she consulted with the Ladies of the Loyal League, and made arrangements for a grand Thanksgiving dinner,

which she wished to give her patients; especially those in the convalescent wards. She also bought a boat-load of potatoes, butter and eggs, to take back with her.

This Thanksgiving dinner proved a great success. Aunt Lizzie turned cook for the occasion, set to work in the diet room, and made three hundred pies. She had all the materials, large stone crocks of mince-meat, and a barrel of butter; forty puddings and two hundred and fifty chickens, besides turkeys in abundance, were also provided.

In December, Aunt Lizzie writes; "Mother Sturgis and myself never worked harder in our lives. We have been able to draw no new clothing for our patients this fall, and we have had some very cold weather. Every leisure moment we spend in darning and patching old socks and mending old flannel shirts."

In January, 1865, Aunt Lizzie's health gave way under the pressure of her severe labors, and she was transferred from Adams Block, to the Washington, Hospital. Her talent for arrangement, and her well-known executive ability, led to this change. Mrs. Sturgis was left at Adams Block till April. In her new position Aunt Lizzie was assigned lighter duties, especially the care of the linen room. When she arrived, she found the patients still drinking their coffee from tin cups, and eating

their meals from the same metal. She quickly revolutionized the domestic arrangements of the hospital and introduced, as she had at Adams Block, white china. It is wonderful how great a difference so slight a change made in the quiet and comfort of the wards. The appetite of the patients revived when their food was served in a home-like manner.

Her life at the Washington Hospital comes out in a letter written during the spring:

"Dear Mrs. Blanchard:

"Amid the greatest confusion, and in the greatest hurry, I seat myself to acknowledge the receipt of your box, which came to hand last week. Nothing could have been more timely, for we had just received a boat-load of sick from Eastport. Poor fellows, they had had nothing but boiled corn during several days to subsist on. Just imagine how they enjoyed the hot buttered toast. We made three hundred slices the first meal. Nothing could have proved so great a luxury as the butter. The socks were immediately put to good use, and the shirts, Mother Hathaway's shirts, I took into the ward, and told the boys I was going to move that we vote who was most in need of the shirts; they all cried out, 'Uncle Billy.' I went up to him, and found him an old man of sixty years. * * * *

"Three hundred shirts, all wanting mending, have just come in from the laundry, so I will write no more this time."

Here, as everywhere, she was idolized by the soldiers. The sister of one who had gone home to die, in describing his last days, writes these touching words:

“Aunt Lizzie, I don’t think that there was one person who came in to see him as long as he was able to talk, but he spoke of you to them, always declaring that he believed you to be the best woman living. Oh how often have I heard that dear voice that is now hushed in death, speaking in such high terms of your noble qualities. One night he was delirious, and every time he wanted anything he called on you to bring it to him. It seemed that he thought you were waiting on him and right by his side, for every little while he called out, ‘Oh, Aunt Lizzie, I want a drink, please bring me a drink.’ Dear Aunt Lizzie, we shall ever gratefully remember you for your kindness.”

This is but a sample of extracts that might be made from scores of letters written by relatives of those to whom Aunt Lizzie ministered with the greatest devotion.

Her “soldier boys” fully appreciated her care, and strove in many ways to express their regard. One day they noticed that she was almost barefooted. Her shoes were all worn out, and no money was in her purse to buy more. Several of the soldiers contributed from their scanty store and surprised her with an elegant pair of new boots.

The following characteristic sentences deserve copying. They were accompanied by a present of various articles calculated to please a lady—a pearl portfolio, gold pen, scrap-book and ivory memorandum tablets:

“We, the undersigned, agree to pay the amount opposite our names, for the purpose of getting Aunt Lizzie a present,

in order to show our gratitude, love, respect, and friendship for her, for her sympathy, kindness, respect, love, anxiety, good attention and motherly care toward us, and other sick, wounded and well soldiers. We believe her to be a good, patriotic, and Union lady, a friend of the soldiers and our country. She therefore merits a tribute of respect from us, to show our gratitude toward her for her kindness."

In April, word was received in Memphis, that the steamer "Sultana" was on her way up the river, with nineteen hundred discharged Union prisoners and four hundred other passengers on board. When it was understood that she would stop for a few hours at Memphis, the loyal citizens of the place prepared a sumptuous supper for the poor soldiers, who had been half starved during the last fifteen months. The artillery was drawn up in line on the river bank and saluted the boat as she swung to shore; the crowd cheered, and the afternoon was spent in congratulations and feasting. The war was ended, and all the soldiers in Memphis were expecting soon to follow in the wake of the "Sultana," up the river, home.

Just at dusk the refreshed party started, amid renewed cheers and the booming of cannon. But about two o'clock in the morning Aunt Lizzie was awakened by a cry that, accustomed as she was to the groans of the wounded, and the screams of delirium, struck her with terror, a confused noise, a cry of anguish, the most dreadful she had ever

heard. At once she perceived that some shocking event must be transpiring, and she sprang to wake Mrs. Sturgis. Then, throwing on a shawl, she ran through the rooms where the girls slept, and bade them rise and dress as quickly as possible, for something fearful was coming. Before she reached her own room again, the great gong sounded the signal for every person in the building to go on duty, and news ran through the halls that the "Sultana" had exploded, some distance up the river, and that the stream was full of drowned and drowning men. In company with half the inhabitants of the city, Aunt Lizzie rushed to the bank. There an appalling sight met their eyes. The whole river was alive with human beings, scalded and drowning; hundreds were hanging to pieces of timber, the banks were strewn for miles with the dead, and from the whole struggling, suffering mass went up a heart-rending cry that froze the blood of those who heard it. Blankets were spread on the sand, and the victims were drawn out of the water as they floated past. Many of them were so badly scalded that the moment the air touched their bodies, the intolerable anguish drove them back into the river, and they were lost. But hundreds were rolled up in the blankets, and taken to the hospitals.

After a few ambulance loads had been carried to her hospital, Aunt Lizzie went to prepare pailfuls

of liniment for the burned. She had personal charge of a hundred poor fellows, and tended them through days and nights of suffering that cannot be described.

Great as was Aunt Lizzie's devotion to the bodily wants of her patients, such care was but a trifle compared with her anxiety and love for their souls. As an entire orchestra often plays softly an accompaniment to the clear notes of a melodious human voice, each instrument executing perfectly its part, but all subordinate to the one aim of enhancing the beauty of the song, so every little act of kindness, every sympathetic word, was made but the accompaniment to an unceasing message of peace and forgiveness from God.

When twilight brought a lull in the labors of the day, before the anguish and dangers of the night began, Aunt Lizzie seized upon the quiet hour to distribute her little hymn-books, and sing the songs of a better life. With Mrs. Sturgis and her daughter she led the music, while the words of faith and comfort were caught up by many a trembling voice. Sometimes even the dying joined in the song, and passed away with words of Christian triumph on their lips.

We have already noticed instances of the fervor and efficacy of her prayers. Many now doing good work for the Lord, date back their conversion to the

hospital cot, and Aunt Lizzie's fervent supplications. She stood as a "Mother in Israel" in the hospital, comforting the sorrowing soul as well as soothing the aching head. One of her co-laborers writes: "Light and joy came to sad and weary hearts when Aunt Lizzie's step was heard. Her words of cheer, her delicate appreciation of her soldier boy's wants, as if a mother thought what she could best do for a dear son, the deep waking of soul-life, as by song and prayer she asked Jesus to bear their sorrows, and the Comforter to heal their broken spirits, will never be fully known, till the stars in her crown shall be shown, when Christ's words of commendation shall be spoken."

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST TWO YEARS IN CHICAGO.

IN June, 1865, the war being happily over, the hospitals were broken up, and Aunt Lizzie left Memphis for Peoria. The work, which had occupied so fully both heart and hands during three years and a half, was finished. With the necessity for such work, her strength also departed, and it was only by the greatest care on the part of Mother Sturgis, who accompanied her, that she was able to reach Peoria at all. In this emergency the soldiers, of whom a thousand were sent North on the same boat, had some small opportunity to return her many favors. They carried her from the boat to the cars, and exhibited the solicitude of sons for the welfare of a beloved mother.

Her old friend, Mrs. Irons, received her gladly at Peoria,—alas! Aunt Lizzie had no home of her own,—and with the tenderest love ministered to her wants as she lay ill for weeks. Nothing, at that period of utter exhaustion and weakness, saved her life but her own composure and resignation to

the will of God, joined to the sisterly care of her friend.

As she began to grow a little stronger, the question of her future recurred. When on the journey from Memphis, she had been drawn into conversation by a stranger, a Christian gentleman, who questioned her as to what she intended to do on her arrival home. "I have no plans for the future," she replied, "I return weary and ill to the graves of those I love. I have no home."

"My dear madam," said he, "what hinders you from entering the missionary work?"

Greatly surprised at his question, she answered that she was sure he could not be acquainted with her lack of qualifications, as a Christian woman, for such a work.

"You are mistaken, madam," said he, "not only have I often heard of you, but I have myself watched your hospital labors all through the war. Your army service has been the grandest school to prepare you for such Christian work."

When during her convalescence she pondered on what she could do in the years that were yet before her, this question returned again and again to her mind, "What hinders you from entering into some kind of missionary labor?" She therefore decided quietly to wait and see what God would give her to do, persuaded that if he had work for her, the way would surely be pointed out.

In the early autumn she went to Chicago to visit a friend, who had heard of her ill health, and invited her to come and make a long visit. The first breath of the bracing lake air seemed to invigorate the frame enervated by the trying climate of the South.

Six pleasant weeks were spent in rest and recreation; then her friend was suddenly called away from the city. She urged Aunt Lizzie to make her house her home for the winter, and left her in charge during her absence. But Aunt Lizzie could not be content to remain. She felt that the time had come when she must begin to care for herself. She tried in every way to procure employment of some kind, but failed in all her efforts. At last one day, weary and discouraged, she returned to her room, and throwing herself on her knees, with many bitter tears, laid the case before her heavenly Father. She knew from long experience that here was her only refuge, and casting herself upon Almighty Love, she resolved to trust God for the future. With renewed strength she started out again on her search, when, distinctly, as if it had been suggested by some voice outside herself, came the thought that she had better apply to the editor of the "Standard." Mr. Church received her with great kindness. She told him that after looking long for some occupation, she had almost decided to take the only

work which offered itself, that of folding papers in a printing office.

“My dear Madam,” he said, “you are qualified for some better position than that. Your many years of experience in Christian work should not be lost in this city, where such labors are so much needed. Let me give you a letter of introduction to Mrs. Everts, the wife of the pastor of the First Baptist Church. She is a lady who will appreciate your desire to serve the Master, and also will know of any opening that there may be in that direction.”

With a hopeful heart, Aunt Lizzie went immediately to call on Mrs. Everts, and met with a reception which relieved all her anxieties. Mrs. Everts listened to the story with the graceful courtesy which always distinguished her, and when it was finished, took both Aunt Lizzie’s hands in hers, kissed her, saying with tears in her eyes, “God has surely sent you to me; I have work for you to do. Stay with me to lunch, and we will go this afternoon to visit the ‘Erring Woman’s Refuge.’ I have long wanted a missionary to labor in connection with that institution, and you are the very one we need.”

Shortly after, a meeting of ladies was called who offered Aunt Lizzie a home at the Refuge, and fifty dollars for three months’ work, a remuneration manifestly so inadequate, that it was afterwards raised to twenty-five dollars a month, the salary to

be paid by the Young Men's Christian Association, in individual subscriptions. She, on her part, was to act as general city missionary, but was expected to do special work for the "Refuge." This place she continued to fill for two years, at the end of which time, the funds of the Board running low, it was deemed necessary to dispense with her services.

Extracts from letters and her diary will best tell the story of that two years' work:

"By coming to Chicago, I am introduced into a new chapter, in which every day teaches me most painful lessons. To-day has been so gloomy, dark and cloudy! How drearily these autumn winds sweep over the prairies and through the long streets of this great city. The withered leaves fly before them and whisper of decay and death. I draw my old beaver cloak more closely about me, and tie on my hood tightly, hastening home to a warm fireside; but how is it with thousands in this city, who have no comfortable homes inviting their return, nothing but scanty garments to shield them from the cold blast? To-day I saw some little, half-clad, barefooted children gathering a few chips and pieces of boards, which some carpenters had left behind. Do they not feel the cold as much as I? Then I saw a poor, old woman bowed with age, carrying her basket of waste sticks, she had gathered from the streets, to her cheerless garret. Feels she not in her old frame this piercing cold? I see so many painful sights. One day I met a crippled soldier, his ragged blue uniform, witness of his noble daring, was all the clothes he had. His good right arm had been given for his country. Does the glory of having fought in defense of his country make him warm? Does it chase away the look of sorrow from the face of his discouraged wife?"

"Oct. 23d, 1865.—My heavenly Father, Thou alone art able to

help virtue triumph over vice ; aid me, oh give me access to the hearts of those I meet. Oh Thou, who knowest my heart, give me the key to reach conscience; to rouse that blessed monitor within the human breast, and draw the erring from the paths of sin. Grant me the spirit of Jesus."

A work commenced in such consecration to God, and sympathy for the poor and erring, could not fail to be successful. Wherever Aunt Lizzie went she made friends. Even the most degraded received her kindly, and wept, though too often with transient repentance, while she prayed for them and entreated them to leave their evil ways. Her co-laborers, during those two years at the "Refuge," speak of her arrival among them as a priceless blessing. One of them writes: "For two years she went out and came in, all the time sustaining the most lovely Christian character, which was of untold worth among the inmates of our 'Home.' To say that we loved her is tame and feeble. The cheer which she always brought with her was so welcome to us who had so many discouragements."

Many interesting incidents of Aunt Lizzie's work as a missionary for the "Refuge" might be told. No one, not similarly employed, can dream of the great hinderances against which she strove in her endeavors to save souls. To her untiring zeal and exhaustless charity, many owe their return to a life of virtue. It is but due to them that their sad stories shall be forever buried. God forbid that even

the ghost of the past should arise on these pages to reproach them.

The story of poor Minnie may, however, be told, for she is beyond all fear of cruel remembrances. She was a lovely orphan child of fifteen, with long yellow curls and dark blue eyes, sent alone to the city by an aunt, thoughtless or ignorant of its dangers. She fell into wicked hands, and had not Christian principle enough to fly from the snares laid for her. Aunt Lizzie met her often on the street, or in the cars, and knowing her sin, tried in every way to persuade her to come to the "Refuge." At last, after long weeks of patient labor, Aunt Lizzie had the satisfaction of bringing the erring child home with her.

Though hard to win, Minnie gave herself up entirely to the friend who had sought her out. Once safe within the walls of the Refuge, she seemed suddenly to realize the horror of the abyss from which she had been plucked, and throwing herself into Aunt Lizzie's arms she cried, "Oh save me, save me, I cling to you." "Poor, helpless child," returned Aunt Lizzie, folding her closely to her heart, "poor, helpless child, indeed I will keep you." With tender solicitude she represented the pitying Savior, standing even then ready to receive every penitent soul. "You may cling to him for safety," she said, "he will forgive you and keep

you as no earthly friend can." The gospel thus lovingly preached was accepted with joy. Every day gave evidences of repentance and faith, and Aunt Lizzie rejoiced greatly over the lamb which she had found.

But it soon became apparent that consumption had fastened itself upon the young girl; the blue eyes grew large and bright, and a rosy spot glowed on the fair cheek. As she became every day weaker, her beauty seemed ever to increase. At first she added much to the happiness of the hedged-in household by her musical talent, but soon her feeble fingers forsook the keys. Morning and evening Aunt Lizzie spent a few minutes of devotion with her, and was delighted and surprised at the depth of her repentance and faith. After awhile she was too weak to leave her bed, and when she had been in Aunt Lizzie's care about ten months, she died. Her end was peace. All that last morning she laid with her head on a pillow on Aunt Lizzie's lap. As that kind friend laid her hand on the flaxen tresses which rippled over the pillow, Minnie opened her eyes and, looking up lovingly into her face, said softly, "I have had no mother, but you have been more than a mother to me." After a while she whispered in reply to Aunt Lizzie's anxious question, "I know I love the Savior; I know He has forgiven me. I know this because my soul trusts

in Him." Then she quietly passed away to that land where there is no sorrow and no sin.

Many tears were shed at the funeral, as Aunt Lizzie, standing beside the beautiful clay, repeated stanzas from Hood's Bridge of Sighs.

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;—
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

* * * * *

"Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior!"

"My Father," writes Aunt Lizzie, in her diary, "oh help me not to weary over my tasks, not to faint under my burdens. My heavenly Father, permit no shadows from the wing of doubt to dim my eye of faith. Help me to work on in this noble calling, sending abroad on every passing breeze the winged germs that shall fall on good and honest hearts, in this great and wicked city."

Monday, Jan. 14th, 1867.—Every day convinces me more that the world is not mine. Thank God it is not! It is dropping away from me like worn-out autumn leaves, but beneath it, hidden in it, there is another world, lying as the flower lies in the bud. That world is mine, and will burst forth by and by, into eternal luxuriance.

Feb. 8th.—I am more and more convinced every day of my life, that if I would do these poor fallen girls good, I must do as Christ did; put my hands upon them. As long as they see that, however much I wish to do them good, yet I have a repugnance to coming in contact with them, they will never trust or confide in me.

The only report of Aunt Lizzie's work in connection with the Refuge, which can be found, extends only over the first seven months. Taking that as a criterion of the whole two years, she probably made as many as five thousand visits of all kinds, a thousand of which were for the express purpose of saving unhappy, sinful women, and inducing them to return with her to the Refuge. Between forty and fifty were persuaded so to do, and if a few of them wandered off again to their old haunts, it was in spite of the tenderest care and Christian watchfulness on the part of the devoted women who took charge of them. Many were saved, and to-day bless the fearless woman who, undaunted by danger, in the spirit of the Great Shepherd, went out after them until she found them. Over these she rejoices—aye, and will rejoice through all eternity.

In connection with her other missionary work, Aunt Lizzie established and carried on during these two years a "Mothers' Meeting," where she instructed poor women in sewing, giving them also religious teaching, and advice in the training of their children. She was led in part to this work by her observation of the great need of stricter maternal discipline. "So many are ruined by the carelessness of their mothers," she writes in her journal. "As I look upon the faces of these poor girls in our family at the Refuge, I behold the results of the over-

indulgence of some mothers. How many to-night mourn over their wayward daughters! Oh that every mother in this land could look upon this family and see her duty to her children." Such thoughts led to the establishment of this meeting for mothers, which brought the good news of salvation to many.

In July 1867, Aunt Lizzie found herself very much exhausted, and failing in health. A month's vacation was spent at Peoria, the beloved spot where all her burdens seemed to drop off. Here, as everywhere, she strove to interest those with whom she came in contact in her work, and successfully. While she lay ill on the sofa, the ladies came together and put up two hundred pounds of fruit, which the Sunday-school scholars gathered, bringing to Aunt Lizzie great baskets of cherries, and pails of all kinds of seasonable berries. The cans and sugar were donated by the grocers. Thus, when refreshed by much-needed rest, she returned to the Refuge, she did not come empty-handed. But a great change was before her. The problem which the ladies who founded the "Refuge" endeavored to solve is one so tangled and hopeless, that the greater part of Aunt Lizzie's labor was necessarily thrown away upon those who made no response whatever to her message of Christian forgiveness. The lost sheep had no desire to be saved, and even when her prayers and tears awoke repentance, their wills

were so enslaved by the fascinations which surrounded them, that they lacked the moral courage to disengage themselves from their sinful life. Even those who have been led into vice by the wickedness of others often become content with their degradation, and hopeless of anything better. The efforts of a single arm even though it be that of a strong swimmer, seem powerless to buffet the waves of both public censure and sinful allurements. Even if rescued, many return again to their life of vice. The strong hand of the law is needed to put a stop to such a state of things. Crime must be recognized and punished as such. And yet, alas, a great elevation of Christian sentiment must be attained before this will be possible. Surely, so long as these terrible vices walk with impunity through the streets of our cities, the church has no time to take her ease and amuse herself among the booths of Vanity Fair.

In Sept., 1867, Aunt Lizzie writes in her journal:

“ The committee met to-day, and announced to me that they feared that they could not employ me any longer. They felt that they needed me much, but saw no way in which they could sustain me. I received the news calmly; I went into my room and held my Bible close to my heart, for it was all that I had, weeping all alone, when I remembered the dying words of my old grandfather, uttered many years ago: ‘ Only trust Him, only trust Him,’ and kneeling down beside my bed, I prayed, when it seemed to me I could almost hear the gentle voice of Jesus saying: ‘ Have I ever left you; do you think I will leave you

now?' I was comforted—I can scarcely tell how, but I laid down and slept. In the morning I arose feeling remarkably calm and trustful, sure that some way would be opened for me that would be right and best."

Hearing of a position in St. Louis, she applied to Col. Gilmore, head of the Chicago post-office, who promised to obtain for her a railroad pass to that city, but being busy, he postponed doing it till the following morning. When Aunt Lizzie returned the next day, she found the post-office draped with mourning, and learned that her friend had been drowned while bathing the preceding evening. Of course her journey to St. Louis was rendered impossible, as she could not afford to pay the price of a ticket. She decided to await the return of another acquaintance, of influence in procuring passes, who was absent from the city. In the meantime, she received a letter from the superintendent of the Sunday-school of the Second Baptist church of Chicago, offering her a situation as missionary of the school.

"*Sunday, Sept. 8th.*—This morning, according to promise, visited the Sunday-school. Bro. Holden introduced me to the scholars as their new missionary. I could only reply to them by saying: 'Never be afraid to speak for Jesus, never be afraid to work for Jesus, never be afraid to live for Jesus, never be afraid to die for Jesus.' After I had addressed a few words to the children, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Goodspeed, gave me a most cordial welcome. The school closed by singing 'Never be afraid to speak for Jesus.' I then listened to an able sermon by the pastor, from these words: 'But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.'"

Soon after, amid the tears and regrets of all in the house, she left the Refuge, to begin her work, which still continues, with the Second Baptist Church of Chicago. "Once more I committed myself to God and strangers, and time will show how I stand the test," she writes to a friend. Time has shown; she has stood for twelve years among the members of that church, a tower of strength, the center of an influence how wide and salutary her most intimate friends scarcely know. Fitted by her very failings to do work among the poor and the tempted, she fills a place that few will realize until some day it will be empty, when she will not be there, because God has taken her.

CHAPTER VII.

AUNT LIZZIE IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE position to which Aunt Lizzie was appointed by the Second Baptist Church was that of Sunday-school missionary. Her work was to gather children into the school, to instruct classes unprovided with teachers, to entertain such strangers as might drop into the school on Sunday morning, and to visit and look after absentees. Such a work in connection with a Sabbath-school, which at times enrolls on its book of members over a thousand names, is broad enough to employ the time and task the energies of any woman. It is, however, but the beginning of Aunt Lizzie's labors in the Second Church. She has really been church missionary, visiting the sick and the poor and interesting herself in everybody and every good thing connected with the congregation. All these different lines of work have, in course of time, become as closely intertwined as the different colored strands in a Persian carpet, and it is almost impossible to separate them. Still, for many reasons,

it has seemed to us best to analyze her labors, and we begin, as she did, with her work in the Sunday-school.

She has the first and greatest qualification of a good teacher—unbounded affection for children and sympathy with them. When among them she becomes, for the time being, a child herself, and enjoys a good game as well as when she was a little girl. How often have I seen her surrounded by the younger members of my own family, questioning the older children about their success in study or sport, looking at picture books with the little girls or admiring their dollies' dresses, praising their sewing, or binding up cut fingers. The unanimous verdict of all children is, "How nice it would be if Aunt Lizzie were our own auntie and lived in our house."

Then she has great love for Sunday-school work, and thoroughly believes in it. There is nothing half-hearted in her desire for the conversion of children. Converted herself at twelve years of age, she *knows* that a child can believe in Christ, and all her subsequent experience and observation have only strengthened her in this faith. Through long years of work in the church, she has found that those who profess conversion in early life prove, as a rule, to be the most consistent and faithful Christians, and that the results of Sunday-school

work are actually greater than those of any other method of labor. With such convictions of the heart as well as the head, Aunt Lizzie entered upon her career as Sunday-school missionary.

At the very beginning of her work, she drew up for herself a series of rules of life which are well worth the study of every teacher.

"I am resolved that I will never, either in the morning or the evening, proceed to any work, until I have first retired, at least for a few moments, to a private place and implored God for his assistance and blessing."

"I will neither do, nor undertake anything which I would abstain from doing if Jesus Christ were standing visibly at my side; nor anything of which I think it is possible that I shall repent in the uncertain hour of my certain death.

"I will, with God's help, accustom myself to do everything without exception, in the name of Jesus, and, as his disciple, to sigh unto God continually, keeping myself in a constant disposition for prayer.

"Every day shall be distinguished by at least one particular work of love.

"Wherever I go I will first pray to God that I may commit no sin there, but may be the cause of some good.

"I will every evening examine my conduct by these rules.

"Oh God, thou seest what I have written. May I be able to read these my resolutions every morning with sincerity, and every evening with joy."

In this spirit she began her labors, which have continued without intermission for almost twelve years. The history and manner of her work can best be told by incidents, for this is a life where

deeds speak louder than any amount of written theory or any number of statistics.

In the early days of her work for the Second Church, she met a little fellow selling newspapers. He ran up to her, and said, "Lady, will you buy a paper?" His bright, though dirty face attracted her attention, and in order to begin an acquaintance, she took and paid for one. As she was opening her purse, she said to him. "My lad, do you go to Sunday-school?"

"No," said he, "no one ever asked me to attend." She cordially invited him to meet her at the church-door the next Sunday morning, and bring with him any of his brothers or sisters who could come. He replied that he had but one brother, and that they would be sure to be on hand.

Aunt Lizzie gave him one of her little cards of invitation, on which is the direction to the church, and passing on to other interests, the chance meeting slipped from her mind.

What was her pleasure on nearing the door of the school-room the next Sunday morning to see two little boys, with well washed faces and clean collars, waiting for her. As she came down the street they flew to meet her, and entered the school-room holding tightly the hands of their only friend in that strange place.

Aunt Lizzie placed them in charge of a teacher

whom she knew to be faithful, one who watched for souls. But she did not lose her personal interest in them. Her soul yearned for their conversion, and with many prayers she besought the Great Shepherd to gather these lambs into His fold. Nor were her hopes frustrated. The older brother, the bright-faced newsboy, received in that Sunday-school a new and higher impulse, both for this life and the better life which is in Christ. He was converted and united with the church when about fifteen years old. Shortly after he left the city to attend college, where he worked day and night to earn money with which to pay for his education. He graduated with great honor, one of the best scholars in his class, and is to-day a prosperous surveyor, and an honored Christian man.

Thus it is that Aunt Lizzie sees many of her Sunday-school boys and girls, filling places of influence and trust in the Christian church, and the sight is the crowning joy of her life.

No doubt they make better men and women on account of the education in benevolence which they receive from Aunt Lizzie. She calls upon the children to help her in her work among the sick and the poor. In her life among the dying in the hospitals, she learned to appreciate the value of flowers to the sick, and some years ago resolved to start a flower mission in the Sunday-school. One spring

when the time came around for planting gardens, she called upon the children and their parents to assist her by raising flowers for distribution. Soon the bouquets began to adorn the school-room, sometimes as many as forty or fifty were brought; these were put in water till after church, when Aunt Lizzie gave one to each child, who volunteered to deliver them, with the number of the house of some sick or poor person, and sent off a happy company of little home missionaries. The enthusiasm of the children spread to their parents, who frequently brought bouquets to the church for Aunt Lizzie's flower mission, and children living a little out of town added their contribution of wild-flowers. This proved a most blessed idea not only for those who received, but also for those who gave.

But Aunt Lizzie does not confine her young helpers to the æsthetic wants of the needy. She calls upon the school to help her gather clothing for the poor, especially for such scholars as need aid. It is wonderful how greatly the Christ-like spirit of benevolence can be quickened in the hearts of some children. Blessed is the memory of one lovely child. Every spring and fall she brought all the clothes she could beg from her mother, and opening her bundle, would say, "Aunt Lizzie, this, I think, will do for that boy in Mr. A's class; did you notice how old his jacket is? And this dress is just large

enough for that girl in Miss B's class." Thus her quick eyes often noted poverty which asking nothing, might otherwise have been overlooked.

During the winter, when the Benevolent Society of the church provides great quantities of clothing, and often provisions, for Aunt Lizzie to dispense, she calls to her aid the Sunday-school boys, who delight to carry her bundles, and receive many a lesson of kindness and sympathy from her lips. Of all this great number of children, with whom she comes in contact in the Sunday-school, she remembers in a remarkable manner the faces and the names. Meeting them anywhere upon the street, she says, "How is my boy?" or "How is my girl? How do mother and father do?" recalling in a flash all the circumstances of the family. Thus each child looks on her as his special friend, and growing up consults her as a mother, in the trials that come with increasing years and responsibilities.

Saturday is in a special manner Aunt Lizzie's Sunday-school day. On Saturday, she distributes clothing to scholars, who, without it, would be unable to attend school next morning. On Saturday, she often accompanies the teacher who chooses that time to visit her scholars, since the public schools are then closed, and they are usually at home. Many sweet seasons of Christian communion are enjoyed as they talk of Christ by the way. It has

been for many years a habit of this Sunday-school for the classes occasionally to meet at the house of their teacher on Saturday afternoon, to take tea. From these reunions, so full of pleasure to the children, Aunt Lizzie is rarely absent. She always brings with her that good humor, which, as she says in her diary, is to her mind "the clear blue sky of the soul on which every star of talent shines more and more clearly, the most exquisite beauty of a handsome face and the most redeeming feature of a homely one," a good humor which is infectious, and adds to the pleasure of the gayest little company.

During the summer, her greatest pleasure is to join in the class picnics in which the teacher and children now and then indulge. Sometimes they go to one of the lovely parks, which are found on the outskirts of our city; sometimes they are invited to spend the afternoon with some friends so happy as to live in the country.

But the crowning event of the summer is the annual picnic of the entire school, though it must be confessed that to Aunt Lizzie it is a day of great toil and care. Some weeks beforehand she is engaged in preparing for the occasion. Many poor children, scarcely ever less than fifty, come to her with very long, sad faces and say, "Aunt Lizzie, I cannot go to the picnic because I went last year, and

Joe the year before. Mother says she cannot get clothes to make me look nicely enough." "Never mind, my dear," says Aunt Lizzie, "I will see to it." And sure enough, a day or two before they are needed, jackets, shoes and dresses are mysteriously found and supplied, while nobody enjoys the picnic so much as those who did not expect to go, unless, it may be, those who provide Aunt Lizzie with the means of sending them.

When the baskets are packed for dinner, each family provides for an extra person, and bakers frequently send in boxes of crackers and gingerbread, so that Aunt Lizzie's family does not go hungry or lack for a share of all the dainties.

But Aunt Lizzie's labors among the children are by no means confined to the period of their active membership in the Sunday-school. She has a mission of comfort and aid for those who are sick. Her visiting list has included many helpless children, whose beds of pain have been smoothed by her kind touch. She gathers pictures and copies of cheerful verses, or short stories, puts them into a little box, and places them in the eager hands of the little invalid, who finds many a weary hour shortened by her thoughtfulness. She spends much time in reading to them, and does not count the minutes wasted when she is cheering or amusing a sick child.

The story of one dear child, who is not, for God took her, illustrates Aunt Lizzie's care of her scholars in want and sickness. Some ten years ago, Aunt Lizzie became interested in a little family consisting of a mother and three children. The eldest, a charming girl eight years old, she led into the Sunday-school. The mother was compelled to labor as a sales-woman, in order to sustain her little ones, and the children were left all day in the care of the oldest sister. Aunt Lizzie, knowing of their lonely life, and feeling that she must do the work which their mother was unable to perform, fell into the habit of paying them frequent visits, which were full of joy to them all. They were good singers, and Aunt Lizzie spent much time in teaching them hymns and Sunday-school songs. She taught them also the Scriptures, and was surprised at the maturity and beauty of the mind of the little girl, who acted as mother to the younger children during the long hours of the day, with a thoughtful care and kindness that could not be too much admired. Very soon the prayers and instructions of her loving friend resulted in the conversion of the gentle child, and, at ten years of age, she was received into the church. Then Aunt Lizzie felt great solicitude that she should grow up a true and faithful Christian, and strove in her visits to train her to a life of usefulness. It proved, however, that she was prepar-

ing the child for a life of glory in the kingdom of God. One winter day, a mischievous boy throwing snowballs, struck Ida a severe blow with one. The bruise developed into an abscess, and she fell into consumption. For several years she lived a life of patient suffering.

Unable longer to attend the girl's meeting, she never forgot it, but sent her "promise" every week by her little brother. A few days before she died, she chose that glorious passage: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." Aunt Lizzie's visits were now more than ever welcome; many were the little delicacies that she brought to tempt the failing appetite, many the loving words with which she soothed the pain and weariness of the patient sufferer. The whole Sunday-school became full of sympathy; classes of girls often met with the superintendent at Ida's house on Sunday afternoon for little meetings of praise and prayer. The day she died, Aunt Lizzie sat by her bedside all the afternoon and sang softly her favorite hymns to the serene and happy Christian. Surely, earth has no greater joy than that of ministering to Christ's little ones; heaven can have no higher reward than to hear the voice of Jesus saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

For many months Aunt Lizzie made her home with a widowed lady, whose only child was a great sufferer. The poor boy became greatly attached to her and she took him into her heart as her own son. Through the long afternoon he waited impatiently for her return from her round of visits. No sooner had she entered the door than he would exclaim, "There is Aunt Lizzie, ask her to come to me." However weary she might be, she could never refuse to sing for him. God has bestowed on her the gift of song; her voice has always had the power of soothing pain, and quieting racked nerves. Often through the long winter evenings she sat and sang one hymn after another till far into the night; Dickey never satisfied, always begging for one more. His favorite of them all was, "Come to Jesus just now." Over and over she sang it, and one day he cheered her heart by saying softly, when she had finished, "That's it, Aunt Lizzie, that's the plan of salvation; I do come, I do trust in Jesus."

Very early one Sabbath morning, he felt that he was dying, and sent for Aunt Lizzie to come to his room. She sat by him all day, while his mother, exhausted by many sleepless nights, lay on the sofa. When the bell rang for Sunday-school, he lifted his head quickly, "Hear the bell," he said, "are you not going?" "No, my son," answered Aunt Lizzie, "I am going to stay with you to-day" He

breathed a sigh of satisfaction and said, "It is my last Sabbath." At intervals through the long day, she sang to him his favorite hymns, and helped his mother in the last ministrations of love. At sundown, as Aunt Lizzie sat by him alone, he said suddenly, "Tell my mother that I want her," and in a few minutes the two women who loved him best, resigned him with tears into the loving hands of his Savior.

For some years the Second Church maintained several mission-schools, most of which have since been set off as churches. Not content with attending two services, and the morning home-school, Aunt Lizzie, at that time, frequently spent her Sunday afternoons in visiting these mission-schools. She makes many entries in her journal of such visits, when she sang for the children or made little speeches to them, sometimes putting questions on the blackboard for them to answer. Their festivals too were never neglected. It must always be understood that Aunt Lizzie acts as almoner for the grand church which she represents. What a depth of benevolence is shown by the following entry of a visit to a school eight miles distant, across the city, from the parent church. "Went out to the Stock Yards' Mission to attend their festival. Carried out a barrel of apples, seven baskets of peaches, a case of choice grapes, five pounds of candy, half a bushel

of biscuits and butter, twenty-five loaves of cake. Had a charming time. The children all had their stomachs, hands, and pockets filled; many packages sent to the widowed mothers and the poor families. On my way home, carried a large basket of luxuries to a widow, and another to an invalid."

Nor is her interest confined to the schools connected with her own church. At all Sunday-school conventions held in the vicinity of Chicago, and most of those in the State, Aunt Lizzie is to be found, an honored guest, and a stirring speaker.

When she first came to Chicago, Aunt Lizzie began a diary, which she has kept ever since. It was commenced at the request of her beloved mother, who was anxious to know more of her daughter's labors than could be told in an occasional letter. Any one reading these volumes could not fail to be impressed with the wisdom and freshness of many of her observations, jotted down often at midnight, in great haste and weariness. Some of these characteristic notes may prove profitable to Sunday-school workers, coming as they do from a veteran in the field, whose opportunities for studying the subject have been surpassed by but few.

"It is not by a few great and brilliant efforts that Christ's work is to be done, but by those influences, indirect as well as positive, which distil from a life. Patient, earnest, Christian labor never fails. Its results may be unrecognized by the world, but they are not unseen nor unblest by Christ himself, for whose dear sake it has been wrought.

“Why not look for success? I have long since learned that it is not great talents God blesses so much as great likeness to Jesus. A true Christian man or woman is a strong weapon in the hand of God. He wants little helpers as well as preachers in His church. He has called me to this quiet work, and I take a world of comfort in knowing that God chose me for His child when He foresaw just what a child I would be. He was acquainted with all my faults, my history, my circumstances. He does not promise to release us from our unfortunate, natural peculiarities; though in the greatness of his giving. He often tenders wonderful relief. He promises peace with God in spite of self and sin, and the tempter's power of evil.

“When I can expect help from no other, I can expect it from God. God has chosen the foolish things of the world and the weak things of the world to accomplish His work. I never realized this fully till I got well inside the vineyard myself. Some I found with great intellectual qualifications, and others with very little of this world's learning, yet they were alike men of great power. Those who brought great learning into the vineyard with them, I noticed set no value at all upon it, except so far as it furthers their work for Christ, being determined to know nothing among the people, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. And truly one who knows Jesus Christ and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His suffering, has little else to learn to fit him for vineyard work. Just in proportion as I know Christ, I know myself. When I learn this, that I am weak, and know nothing, and that Christ is everything, I am able to do what Christ bids me to do. God is my helper. What a comfort to think that it is this Almighty Helper, who appoints to each one his labor. He knows just how much I can do, and He knows just how much He will have to help me, and He will never fail to do it.

“There is a faith in some which tends to idleness, trusts God to do all, and thus leaves the soul stupid and powerless. In others there is a faith that worries and works, and hopes that

God will help. But, oh, there is a truer, better faith that works mightily, because it loves fervently; that never worries because it never fears. Love will, must work, and cannot be idle. It comes from God, and breathes itself out in prayer, praises and service, like springs that cannot be suppressed. It is spontaneous and grows by use. Faith that works by love is a tonic to the soul, strengthening it for bold endeavor, making it like God in active doings, in every service that can assuage a grief, relieve a pain, or impart a joy."

"A true Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water that will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So in like manner the Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do while he remains in the body, but by the world living in him."

CHAPTER VIII.

AUNT LIZZIE'S GIRLS' MEETING.

A YEAR before Aunt Lizzie came to the Second Church, the pastor had established a prayer-meeting for girls and placed it under the efficient leadership of Miss Ellen M. Sprague. It was held on Friday afternoons, in order to interfere as little as possible with the studies of school-girls, and immediately took strong root and began to flourish. When Aunt Lizzie began her work for the Sunday-school, this meeting was handed over to her as coming within her province. She found it with an attendance of from ten to twenty. As years went on, this number gradually increased until at times the average attendance has been from fifty to sixty. Aunt Lizzie was no novice in instructing young girls in the gospel. As far back as 1840, she had held a girls' meeting of three, when her little neighbors on Rock River, came to spend Sunday afternoons with her. In Brimfield, also, as we have before stated, she used her Sunday-school class as the nucleus of a gathering for praise and prayer. Always delighting in chil-

dren, she has been through life in full sympathy with young girls, and possesses great power of leading them.

The design and scope of her meeting in Chicago are best set forth in her own words, taken from one of her annual addresses.

“The object of the girls’ meeting is purely religious. We come together to read the Word of God, and repeat His promises; then in prayer and supplication we ask our Heavenly Father to bless His own truth to the salvation of each. It is here I urge upon you your need of a Savior, seeking with all my heart to teach you what is necessary in order to become a Christian. First, you must see and feel that you are a sinner, then trust Christ as your Savior. First repentance, then obedience. Here, too, you learn the truthful lesson that there is no joy, no progress in a Christian life, unless that life, without reserve, be given to the Lord Jesus Christ.

“Your attendance on our Friday afternoon meeting has made it my grand rallying point in this dear church, where I can meet you, and we can sit down together at the Savior’s feet, each repeating a Scripture text, and giving a recital of our week’s experience.”

We have been requested to give the exact manner in which this meeting, so fruitful of good, is conducted. In the first place, it is considered one of the regular appointments of the church, and is given out every Sunday morning with the other notices for the week. Then Aunt Lizzie and the working members form, together, a committee on invitation. They all have the good of the meeting so much at heart that they voluntarily work for it,

bringing in their school-mates and friends. On Friday afternoon they meet at four o'clock, many coming directly from the public-school, with books and slates. No change of dress is considered necessary. Small as this fact may appear, it is one of considerable consequence. It is of great importance for the success of such a meeting, that as little distinction as possible should be made between rich and poor, that all may feel that they are at home.

Aunt Lizzie herself always takes charge of the exercises, though occasionally she calls upon some visitor to pray. The girls know that no matter what the weather may be, she will be there to meet them, and are encouraged by her faithfulness to be faithful themselves. Singing takes up considerable time, then reading of the Bible, with running comments suited to their age, and prayer. Afterwards, each attendant, beginning with the leader, repeats a text of Scripture. So generally are the promises chosen, that the girls have come to call texts repeated there their promises. In case of absence, Aunt Lizzie encourages them to copy out some passage from the Bible and send it to be read for them.

One element of success is that the girls are taught to consider the meeting their own. They pray, talk, and select hymns to sing. Older visitors are not expected to take time which belongs to the

regular attendants, though often called upon to address the meeting. Aunt Lizzie encourages the girls to tell their difficulties in leading a Christian life, and advises, counsels, or reprove, as the case may be.

Different subjects or objects for prayer are presented at each meeting by the girls themselves. About two thousand different members have been enrolled during the twelve years. Owing to the fluctuating life of a city there are only a few who have attended for a series of years, but the number is well kept up, and those who leave the city do not forget the blessed place of prayer. At the last annual meeting thirteen letters were read from absent members, residing in as many different States.

Once a month there is a meeting of the "Band of Helpers." This is a "Mission Band," whose object is to aid the "Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society." It was formed during the summer of 1874, and was the first in the Chicago Association. To this meeting are brought contributions for sending the gospel to the heathen. Every year one of their number, chosen by themselves, is made a life-member of the Woman's Society, by the payment of twenty-five dollars. Two or three years ago they pledged themselves to pay forty dollars a year to educate a Burman girl, in Miss Higby's school in Maulmain. This amount they could

hardly expect to give themselves, but they raise it by canvassing among friends.

The flower-mission which Aunt Lizzie started in the Sunday-school has of late years been in a great measure transferred to her girls' meeting. Under her direction also there is much missionary work done. A few months ago her Band of Helpers determined to send to Miss Higby a box of articles for her own use and that of the orphan girls of her school. With the assistance of the ladies of the church, they made a valuable donation, almost a quarter of which they gave themselves. They also visit sick members of the Band, often going on Sunday afternoons to sing and pray with those confined to the house.

The short and simple stories of one or two of Aunt Lizzie's girls cannot fail to be of interest. The history of these girls was chosen because their life on earth is finished, so that there can be no possible objection to the recital.

We have already mentioned the fact that the "Band of Helpers" support a native girl in Miss Higby's school in Maulmain. - She has been named by them Hattie Gurney, in memory of a member of the Band, who died a few months before they took Sang See under their care. It was fitting that the girls should thus honor their departed friend, for she seems to have been one of those rare Christians

in whom the loveliness of the heavenly life strongly manifests itself even here on earth. She and her sister attended the girl's meeting from the time of its inception, and were both converted there. Hattie had a character whose great sincerity shone forth in her daily life. She not only talked to her friends and companions about Christ, and prayed fervently, but she also lived the gospel before them, exemplifying it with such sweetness, and humility, that those who saw her knew that she had been with Jesus. Step by step the Father led her heavenward, till she reached the pearly gate, and quietly stepping over the golden threshold, was at home.

As Aunt Lizzie stood looking for the last time on the sweet face, so placid in its rest, her heart was filled with inexpressible joy and peace, and from her inmost soul she thanked God for the years of sacred fellowship and communion which she had enjoyed with the departed one. She writes: "I shall ever love to dwell upon her memory, saying, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' My soul has never grieved over any act of hers, for she never did anything to dishonor God or disgrace His church."

One day Aunt Lizzie noticed a stranger in her meeting, and, according to her custom, went immediately at the close of the services and said, "My dear girl, we are so glad to see you here," and in-

vited her to the Sunday-school. She learned by degrees Nellie's sad history. She was a stranger in the city. Her mother was dead, her father became dissipated, and with her little brother she had come to Chicago to live with their aunt. Aunt Lizzie at once made the acquaintance of the whole family, and when, soon after, the father followed his children, she united her efforts with theirs to induce him to reform, but with only partial success.

About a year from the time Aunt Lizzie first met her, Nellie came and wished to secure her co-operation in a plan which she had formed. She said that her aunt was a feeble woman, that her uncle was poor, and that she did not want to be a burden to them. She therefore desired to learn a trade, and would like best to be a dress-maker. Aunt Lizzie's first question was, "Have you consulted your aunt?" "No," said Nellie; "that is just what I came to see you about. I have asked her to invite you to tea to-morrow evening, and when I introduce the subject, I want you to help me persuade her to let me do as I wish about it." Of course Aunt Lizzie consented, and by their united pleading, the old lady was induced to lay aside her pride and give her consent to the arrangement. Aunt Lizzie then secured Nellie an excellent place.

Soon after this the little brother died, and in his sorrow, the father turned for comfort to his drink-

ing habits, instead of to God. Whenever he became sober, he was intensely mortified at his own behavior, and finally, to escape from the entreaties of his daughter, he went to St. Louis, where he died in a fit of *delirium tremens*. Two years after, her uncle died, leaving his wife to Nellie, who supported and tenderly cared for her, until she, too, dying, left the poor girl all alone in the world.

Then it was that she turned with increased love to Aunt Lizzie, and clung to her as if she had been her own mother. For five years this kind friend advised and comforted her. One evening returning from the day's round of visits she heard that Nellie was very ill. She had come home from her work the night before through the falling snow, her clothes wet to her knees; the next morning she awoke covered with measles, in a room without a fire. For seven days Aunt Lizzie did everything she could devise for her, but on one of the stormiest nights in March, was called to see her die. As she came into the room, Nellie called feebly to her, "Come here, Aunt Lizzie, let me kiss you once more, to express my love and gratitude to you." Taking the dear face of her only earthly friend between her icy hands, she kissed it again and again until her lips stiffened in death.

CHAPTER IX.

AUNT LIZZIE AMONG THE SICK.

IN the last twelve years, Aunt Lizzie has made at least twelve thousand visits to the sick. This number is taken from actual entries in her diaries. These visits are not calls of condolence only, but in many cases she takes the place of nurse and doctor, as well as friend. Her life in the hospitals fitted her admirably for such work, as she learned at that time to dress wounds and prescribe for all ordinary diseases. She was obliged also to lay aside all fastidiousness in regard to the cleanliness of her patient or his surroundings, and by this drill has been enabled to do repulsive work whenever in her missionary labors, it has been demanded. Her visitations have not been confined by any means to the sick of her own congregation, but for years she has been sent for by strangers in different parts of the city to come and pray with them. Thus her work among the sick is very extensive.

Often when some member of a destitute family dies, and Aunt Lizzie mentions the fact, those who

hear the announcement, little know the amount of labor which is implied. In many cases she begins by laying out the dead, providing all the garments, of which she has a store laid by, the contributions of friends. She next goes for the undertaker, and provides for the burial of the poor body, sees that a notice of the funeral service is given out, and procures singers for the occasion. Afterwards she inquires into the wants of the family and meets them, even to a little decent mourning, and calls in the neighbors to the funeral. How many steps all this necessitates, can only be known to those who have done like duties.

It is not the poor only, who in sickness call upon Aunt Lizzie. Her friends all know her power of comfort and sympathy, and send for her to come and help them in various ways. A sick boy, just returned from Colorado, unbenefited, said one day to his mother, "Do send for Aunt Lizzie; I have eaten nothing in so long, that relishes at all; I am sure she could prescribe something." When she came he told her his desire. "Certainly my dear boy," said she, "I will go right home and prepare your dinner myself; just you wait a few minutes." In a very short time she returned. She had found that chicken soup was over the fire, had filled a pretty china cup, covered it, and brought it over immediately. As she approached the house she

saw the sick boy at the window, following her wistfully with his eyes, and when she gave him the soup, he drank every drop. "Ah, mother," said he, "it takes Aunt Lizzie to find out what I want."

In many cases Aunt Lizzie's care for a sick person extends over years, and her anxiety for the spiritual welfare of the sufferer, is even greater than her sympathy on account of his bodily pain. If her friend is already a Christian, she delights to read the comforting portions of Scripture, and talk of the promises; but if the soul is far from God, her desire for its salvation knows no bounds.

Some years ago she became acquainted with a family that had no interest whatever in religion. She succeeded in securing the two little girls for her Sunday-school, and continued for years to visit them frequently. She had a great desire for the conversion of the mother, but though she often spoke to her of the needs of her soul, could receive no encouragement, that she would even think of the matter. One day in particular Aunt Lizzie called and found her friend so cold and hard, that her soul was surcharged with sorrow. As she left the house, she feared that she was not doing what the Lord wanted in regard to saving that family, and was so full of trouble, that passing along by a vacant lot, she turned her face to the fence and cried to God for help.

After four years, during which time Aunt Lizzie had become very intimate with the family, signs of consumption manifested themselves in the mother, and for two years she was a confirmed invalid. All this time Aunt Lizzie most earnestly sought God on her behalf, but received no satisfactory evidence of her repentance.

One day she spoke to the sick woman of the conversion of a friend; told how she said that the Holy Spirit had convinced her of her sin, and led her to Christ.

"Well," replied the invalid, "she needed a change, I am sure."

"Not more than you and I," said Aunt Lizzie; "the same Holy Spirit will work in us, if we desire it."

"Do you think," asked the sick woman, "that I need the same forgiveness?"

"Perhaps you need more," was the answer: "your privileges have been greater, and so are your responsibilities."

"But still," persisted her friend, "is it not strange that there is only one way of salvation, for both wicked and good?"

"There are none good," said Aunt Lizzie; "we are all sinners, and it is wonderful to me that Christ was willing to suffer and die that sinners might be forgiven."

The sick woman turned her face to the wall, and refused to continue the conversation, and Aunt Lizzie, as often before, went away with a sorrowful heart—for it seemed to her that here was one of those who are unwilling to be saved.

In October, Aunt Lizzie was absent from the city for a few days. Her sick friend, missing her visits, became very anxious for her return. Now that she could no longer argue and object, she began in silence to think ; and the longer she meditated, the more disturbed she became. Day after day she sent to see if Aunt Lizzie had come home; she felt that she could not die, without hearing once more 'the gospel which she had so often rejected.

The first word Aunt Lizzie received on her return, in a cold, raw, November rain, was the message to repair at once to her dying friend, who threw her emaciated arms around her neck, and cried, " I thank God that I am allowed to see you face to face once more. You little dream what you have done for me in your many visits. No prayer uttered has failed to leave its impress; no word expressed has failed to have its desired effect." In great bitterness of soul she cried, " What shall I do to be saved ? How did you come to Jesus ? " Aunt Lizzie told her that she did only what Jesus bade her; the Bible said, " Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and

thou shalt be saved;" that she took Christ at His word and besought him to heal her, and he heard her prayer. She then read the excellent little tract, "It is all in believing," and sang, "There is a fountain filled with blood." But it was when Aunt Lizzie told her of the leper's prayer, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," and the Savior's precious answer, that the dying woman grasped the truth, and cried, "Oh, Aunt Lizzie, pray with me, help me to pray;" and kneeling by the bed the faithful Christian pleaded for the sin-tossed soul, that the Holy Spirit would finish His blessed work and reveal Christ to the darkened eyes. When she ended, the sick woman prayed for herself, and cried, "Lord I believe, help thou my unbelief."

For nearly two weeks Aunt Lizzie visited her daily, finding her always calm and peaceful. Her great bitterness of soul was exchanged for a confident trust in the Lord Jesus. One morning her husband came and said that she wished Aunt Lizzie to spend the last day with her. She seemed no worse than before, but her expressed wish came from the strange, intuitive knowledge, often possessed by the sick, of approaching death, for the next morning, at nine o'clock, she departed. As her faithful friend stood and saw her pass over Jordan, she could but rejoice with her.

The following year one of the daughters died, re-

joining in Christ, saying, "Aunt Lizzie's visits, with my mother's confirmation of the truth of what she taught, have brought me to Christ."

Visiting the sick is emphatically evangelistic work. There are many who, when strong and well, avoid all reference to religion, but when stretched on a bed of pain, are eager to see those whom they believe to be the friends of God. Hence much of Aunt Lizzie's missionary work is done by the sick bed.

The two eldest children, in a family of Aunt Lizzie's acquaintance, became Christians and were brought into the church. The father was not a believer in the Lord Jesus, but a man of a very lovely natural disposition. When the children were converted, Aunt Lizzie became very desirous of leading him to Christ, and often asked God to show her how she might teach him the love of Jesus. One day, while at tea in his house, he thanked her for her kindness to his children and her care of their souls. With tears, she answered, "My dear sir, what can I say or do to induce you also to come to the Savior?" But as yet he had no desire to heed her words.

The next March, one stormy night, she was sent for to visit this man, who supposed himself to be in a dying condition. Wrapping herself in her waterproof cloak, she rapidly walked the eleven blocks to

his house, and found him in great anguish of soul. His first words were, "Aunt Lizzie, pray, oh pray, oh pray." With her habit, learned in the army, of addressing her friends by their first names, she answered at once, "Samuel, I will read you a prayer, I will sing you a prayer, and I will pray, and I want you to pray." She read the fifty-first Psalm; he followed word by word, and as she ended, cried, "That is me, that is my prayer, my prayer, O God!" Then she sang, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and knelt down to pray. It is Aunt Lizzie's conviction, based on the experience of years, that God does hear prayer, and as she kneels by the side of those who ask her to pray for them, she feels that she takes right hold of the hand of her heavenly Father; she prays as seeing Him who is invisible.

At daylight she left the sick man peaceful and trusting in Christ. That sick-bed repentance is not always transient and spurious, is proved in this instance, for, contrary to his expectations, this man recovered, and is to-day an honor to his Christian profession. His repentance was for life.

Aunt Lizzie also carries sympathy and consolation to the bereaved. Not only does she point the dying to the Savior, and smooth the Christian's pathway to heaven, but when the strong staff is broken and the beautiful rod, she is the strength and stay of the stricken household. She mingles

her prayers and tears with those of the mourners, tells them of the glorious resurrection by-and-by, and that we ought to rejoice when a loved one departs to be with Christ. Her diary is full of entries like the following:

“This morning I accompanied my dear friends to Oakwoods Cemetery, where the body of their mother, brought on from Milwaukee for the purpose, was quietly laid away for its final rest. I sought to comfort them. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. O, dreamless slumber, unbroken calm, profound and holy; in you these earthly griefs which wound, these cares that fret, these passions which rack the soul, find long oblivion. In you the weary forget their weariness, the troubled their heart-ache. The wan hands are folded across the still, cold breast in everlasting respite from toil, the motionless, upturned face is smoothed forever from all traces of mortal anguish. We bless God for thee, gentle death; thou art the end of temptation, conflict, pain and humiliation, and the beginning of glory and immortality. Thy valleys of sleep are bounded by the golden hilltops of heavenly promise, bathed in the endless dawn of heaven. O, death, thou hast no sting for the Christian, and thou, oh grave, no victory over him.”

It is not with a thoughtless mind that Aunt Lizzie walks the streets on her errands of mercy. With

but little time that she can call her own, she finds it difficult to have stated seasons of prayer, but she has acquired the habit of talking with God by the way, and meditating on the great subjects of life, death, and immortality. Ready at any moment as she is, to pass a merry word with those whom she may meet, or to break into a hearty laugh over a trifling jest, such things are but the foam on the crest of the wave of thought which rolls on, deep and incessantly. Cheerful and happy she almost always is, but it is a cheerfulness that is the result of sanctified sorrow rather than an evidence of freedom from care. The record of these thoughts gives a deeper insight into Aunt Lizzie's mind and soul than any attempted analysis could.

"The past month has been one of great peace to my soul. I have really had a fullness of consolation to which nothing could be added by mortal. I am happy anywhere, but most at home with the bereaved, with the tempted and the desponding. The mother weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted, the old man grieving for his lost Joseph, the disciple mourning for his absent Lord, the doubter, at one time like Thomas ready to die for Jesus, at another time ready to say, 'except I see the print of the nails, I will not believe'; such sufferers as these are my constant companions. They understand me and I understand them."

"'Cast thy burden on the Lord.' For two days this text has occurred to me again and again, like the refrain of a sweet, deep song. 'Cast thy burden on the Lord' is both promise and command. 'He will never suffer the righteous to be moved.' But, Lord, I am not righteous, I love thee, but I do continually what I would not.

“‘I know it my child,’ says Jesus, ‘I realize all your sinfulness, now here is my forgiveness; trust me and not your own heart; I gave this trouble to you that you might learn out of the depths to cast your burden on my strength. You are full of burdens, I know it,—like as a father pitieth, I pity you, and so I say, cast thy burdens every one—sin, shame, weakness, loss—all on me.’

“O Lord, loving and blessed beyond all praise of mine, here I am. Take my burdens and take me, too. I know, for thou hast said it, that whatever I give thou acceptest, and now, dear Lord have thine own way with me and mine. There is nothing great or small left for me to worry about, and this is the Lord’s meaning in stirring me up with trouble and calming me down to trust.”

“Made several calls this afternoon. Was grieved to learn from so many that they do not pray. It is through the open door of the secret place of prayer that all riches fall from heaven into contrite and believing souls. There God crowns his children who prevail with him. There life flows down a heavenly river into the spiritual being of the worshiper.”

“Sorrow makes a silence in the heart through which God’s voice can be heard. I have sometimes thought that that is the mission of sorrow.”

CHAPTER X.

AUNT LIZZIE'S LABORS AMONG THE POOR.

ALTHOUGH it was as Sunday-school missionary that Aunt Lizzie entered the Second Church, she only worked a few weeks before she perceived that a society for clothing the poor connected with the congregation was an absolute necessity. Much individual benevolence had been expended by the church, but as yet there was no charitable society among the ladies. Aunt Lizzie found unorganized liberality insufficient to meet the pressing wants which she saw every day.

So, on the 13th of November, 1867, she spent the entire day in inviting the ladies to meet on the morrow to start a sewing and benevolent society, that she might have wherewithal to clothe the poor. The next day twenty-five ladies responded to the call, and organized a sewing-circle, which has had a vigorous existence ever since and has done a world of good. Aunt Lizzie, as the almoner of this society, has distributed to the poor the garments they have made. But she has also drawn from many other

sources. The poor-fund of the church, and the benevolence of friends both in the city and in distant places have supplied her with money. Many donations from the country come to her, of fruit and clothing. Her reports contain many entries like the following: "My annual contribution from an old friend on Rock River, two barrels of apples, and two of potatoes; cases of plums, grapes and bed-linen from a lady in Tarrytown, New York; fifty garments from Wisconsin; wine and canned fruit from California." Money for her needs comes to her from many States, from Massachusetts to the far West, her soldier boys contributing considerable of it, knowing that to give to her poor will please her better than to give to herself. By looking over her reports we find that in ten years she made nearly forty thousand visits, distributed about five thousand dollars, forty-five thousand garments, not including a large number of shoes. Besides these she has given away large quantities of provisions of all kinds, bed-linen and household goods.

Let us follow Aunt Lizzie as she betakes herself in heat and cold, sunshine and storm, to her labor.

Often before she rises in the morning, and while she eats her breakfast, she is beset by a number of people who come on different errands of need. Here is a poor girl who wants a situation; there is a boy whose mother is dying; this woman wishes Aunt

Lizzie to try and save her wayward child; that old man entreats her to provide clothing for a needy household. Endless and varied are their wants,—money and bread, counsel and comfort.

“Before leaving the house,” to quote her own words, “I found it good to kneel and pray in silence, to draw close to the tender, loving Christ, for I am going among the poor. Our Savior was found in the city streets, in the lanes and alleys, where the lame and blind and sick were. If I do His work faithfully, I must day by day have divine aid.” First, she climbs a dark stairway and finds the discouraged mother of many little ones. As she recounts her troubles and difficulties with a look of agony, Aunt Lizzie changes her tears to tears of joy, as she promises her clothing from the benevolent wardrobe and slips some money into her hand. “The Lord knows,” cries the poor woman, “the Lord knows I don’t know what to say to you, but the Lord knows how thankful I am.”

She next goes out to Blue Island Avenue, where she visits a widow, a great sufferer for years, whose two daughters strive in vain to keep the wolf from the door. She opens her bag and takes out a glass of jelly, and an orange, pays the rent, and finding that their only stove is useless and the weather bitter cold, she purchases them a new one and provides fuel.

Another family only two weeks in the city, have sent for Aunt Lizzie; their little boy has just died suddenly of scarlet fever; the coffin stands in the middle of the room on one of their unopened chests. Everything is in confusion. Sickness has prevented their even unpacking their goods. Aunt Lizzie kneels in the midst of the sorrowing group and cries to Jesus to bind up these broken hearts. Then she bestirs herself to help them lay the dust of their child in the grave with that decent mourning that is as dear to the hearts of the poor as to those of the rich. In the afternoon she makes several visits in company with one of the charitable ladies of the church, wading through the snow; as they come home it is still snowing heavily, and they follow in the track of four men, who break a path in the middle of the road.

This is no fancy sketch. These incidents are all taken from the pages of Aunt Lizzie's diary, and, with one exception, are all included in her work of one day.

Let us give a day's work of a rather different character:

While it was yet cool in the early morning, Aunt Lizzie went to look after her "tried ones," as she tenderly calls them. As she turned the corner of an alley, a ragged boy set up a shout that Aunt Lizzie had come; the children dropped their play

and gathered around her. She drew them together in the shade of an old building, and began to sing to them. In twenty minutes she had gathered a congregation of thirty-two mothers and children, to whom she distributed papers and tracts, and then prayed and sang with them.

Climbing many stairs, she next enters a room, terrible in its heat and discomfort, yet scrupulously neat and clean. Here dwell some of the Lord's own poor. Aunt Lizzie places her bouquet in a pitcher, where the sick man can enjoy its fragrance, and as she makes him a glass of lemonade, she listens to the sorrowful words with which he tells of his pain and anguish of body, how he dreads the sleepless night, and with what joy he hails the morning. "What do you think about in those long, dreary hours?" asks the kind visitor. "I feel," answers the sick man, "that my peace is made with God; nothing troubles me but my rent. You see we cannot do without a shelter."

"How much do you owe?" asks Aunt Lizzie, who fully sympathizes with him in disliking the very word rent. She knows too well that to the poor it is a word full of misery, darkness and woe.

"Ten dollars," sighs the sick man, "and I have no way of raising a cent."

Aunt Lizzie joyfully opens her purse, praising God that it has just been filled for her, and says:

"I have the money for you, poor man." His whole frame shakes with excitement; raising himself up in bed: "What shall I say?" he exclaims; "the Lord has done it." As they pray together, he becomes more calm, and seems to rest.

"The next time I called," goes on the journal, "he said, 'You know the money you gave me, I could not wait for the agent to come, but sent it to him; I have been happy ever since.' I said to him, 'In these weary hours, give yourself no more anxiety about your rent. I have another ten dollars for you when it is due.' He wept his thanks, but could not speak. Thus Jesus magnified the gift. All this weight of gratitude to God and man, all this comfort and freedom from care, all this joy cost but ten dollars."

She next visits a lowly abode where a little child lies in pain. A holy joy irradiates the humble home, whose inmates have learned to repose, with implicit confidence, on the word of God. "The secret of the Lord is with the lowly," thinks Aunt Lizzie, as she bends over the dying child, and hears him tell of his confidence in the Savior whom he loves, and the home in the skies to which he is going. He has heard the story of peace, has welcomed it, and is blessed beyond the felicities of earth. She produces her gifts, a tumbler of currant jelly to make him a cooling drink, and the red peach which

is held lovingly in the thin, hot fingers, and admired again and again before it is eaten. Then she prays and sings the familiar Sunday-school hymns, the child's voice joining in clear and ringing like a silver bell. Comforted herself she leaves the poor room, which is after all a gate of heaven.

On the way home to dinner she calls on three motherless girls. To her joy she finds the two eldest earnestly inquiring the way to Jesus. Here she sits down and tenderly tries to take a mother's place in making clear the gospel to these children so dear to her heart, and prays that the promises of God may soon shed light upon their path.

On her table she finds a request to visit a poor woman who has been very sick, and makes it her first business in the afternoon to see her. She learns that the family has resided in the city a year, but the woman not being social with her neighbors, none of them have been in to inquire about her. Her doctor seeing that she is a sensible person, though very peculiar and low-spirited, recommends her to send for Aunt Lizzie, who listens to all her complaints and tries to soothe her. After reading the Bible and praying, as is her invariable custom, Aunt Lizzie tells her that only the Holy Spirit can touch her eyes and make her see and believe, and begs her to ask God to help her. "I have very little faith in the kindly intentions of any one," cried the

sick woman, "but I believe in you, and thank you for coming and praying with me. Is it not strange that I am so indifferent to religion?" "Only that can make you happy," Aunt Lizzie tells her, and leaves her thinking over her relations to God.

In the evening a young man calls, telling her that he has been to the houses of ten ministers to find one to marry him, but they were all out of the city. She tells him that Saturday is considered a bad day to get married. "But," says he, "I have got my pay and am now ready to take a wife. Why in thunder don't they commission you to marry folks?" To which Aunt Lizzie responded by giving him a card with the address of a clergyman whom she knew to be in town. In an emergency, she has sometimes conducted a funeral, but marrying people is still beyond her province.

Such records might be made of many of Aunt Lizzie's days. Not all equal in interest, but many far surpassing these in actual labor. Often she makes from ten to fifteen calls, ascends forty flights of stairs and walks forty or fifty blocks in the course of the day. Nor is she deterred by the weather; the bitter winter days which others consider as an excuse for staying at home, are to her an additional reason for looking after the necessities of the poor; these are the times of severest want and suffering. On the second of January, 1879, the mercury fell to

twenty-two degrees below zero, the severe cold being accompanied by a searching wind, which made it all the more trying. Aunt Lizzie, fearing that some one would freeze, wrapped herself up as warmly as she could and taking a street-car, started to the rescue. After riding a few minutes, a gentleman sitting opposite accosted her, "Madam," said he, "though you do not know me, I am well acquainted with you and your good works among the poor. If you can go out this terrible day to see to their wants, the least that the rest of us can do is to help you. Here are orders on my butcher for six roasts of beef; distribute them as you think best." Another gentleman added, "Allow me to help in this time of distress, and to give you orders for three legs of mutton." "Thank you, gentlemen," said Aunt Lizzie, "the poor will bless you for this." All day, like an angel from heaven, she went from one perishing family to another bringing to them light and joy. Where they had no fire, she gave an order for half a ton of coal, where they were hungry, she fed them. No wonder that the name of Aunt Lizzie is loved and revered among the poor.

Although naturally so exceedingly generous, that she has been known to take off her bonnet in the street and give it to some poor, old woman who had none, going home herself with a veil over her head, Aunt Lizzie still is a careful and discriminating al-

moner of the charities of others; money entrusted to her is seldom thrown away on the unworthy. Long experience with human nature has rendered her so good a judge of faces that she is rarely deceived. Her rule for giving is this: "The best kind of charity is to help those who are willing to help themselves. Promiscuous alms-giving without inquiry into the worthiness of the applicant is bad in every sense; but to search out quietly and assist those who are struggling for themselves is the kind that scattereth and yet increaseth. It is not the true way to give a prayer instead of bread to the starving. My experience teaches me that it is much easier to make Christians of people when their bodies are made comfortable. I must care for the body in order to reach the soul."

One of the modes of helping the indigent is by procuring work for them. The little rack behind her door often holds as many as forty names of those who have applied to her to find them employment of different kinds. This aid she extends to large numbers. In some of our business houses, Aunt Lizzie's recommendation is of great service to an applicant. Her helping hand is thus stretched out to whole families, often for a long period.

During the war, a German soldier named Carl Schneider, was wounded in the arm and brought to Aunt Lizzie's hospital. He was attacked by pneu-

monia, and it also became necessary to amputate his arm. He was thus confined to his cot for a long time. He had been educated a Roman Catholic; but as he lay in his bed and heard Aunt Lizzie read the Bible to the wounded men around him, he drank in the precious truths, and, renouncing his old faith, became an earnest, happy believer in the Protestant religion. When well enough to leave the hospital, he was discharged, and returned to Chicago, with weak lungs, having sacrificed his health and strength to his adopted country. Aunt Lizzie on coming to this city found him very poor, with a family to care for. She secured him a situation as switchman on the railroad. Four years later, consumption developed itself, and he died after a short illness, leaving his widow and four children without a relative in this country, and in great destitution. Aunt Lizzie again came to the rescue. She had visited the sick man during his illness, and had the satisfaction of seeing him depart a happy believer in Christ. After his death she procured employment for the mother, and a situation for the oldest boy, where he could be under the watch-care of a good Christian man.

For three years she watched over the fortunes of the family, helping them in times of need, and preaching the gospel to them. The mother and the two oldest children were brought into the church.

Then the mother fell ill and died. The four children clung together for a while, but the oldest girl had had no training which fitted her to take charge of a family ; and Aunt Lizzie, in her frequent visits found them so uncomfortable and forlorn, for want of a little forethought and good management, that she came to the conclusion that they would be better off in different families. She therefore found a home for Enil, a boy of fifteen, on a farm where he would be trained to become a useful man, and shortly after placed his younger sister, Annie, in a Christian family near by, where the orphan sister and brother would have the opportunity of meeting frequently. Thus she has secured good homes and a hopeful future for these children.

Helping so many young people, Aunt Lizzie has learned to study their different characters, and the calling for which they are best fitted, and to assist them accordingly. One day an orphan girl called upon her, saying that she had just come to the city in search of occupation. Aunt Lizzie perceived in her at once a very active, intelligent mind, which had received but little training. She was eager to learn, but without means. For two years Aunt Lizzie befriended her. She procured her a home where she could earn her board by sewing; she helped her to pay for lessons from the best teachers; she saw that her wardrobe was supplied with

plain, but sufficient clothing; in short, she acted the part of a mother to the young student. To-day this young woman is living in a distant city, earning an independent livelihood as a journalist.

Not to help the lazy, and those who wish to make a living without work, is as distinctively a part of Aunt Lizzie's creed as to extend a helping hand to the struggling. Those that come to her with a whine that the world owes them a living, receive no mercy at her hands. "Go and make yourself a place in the world," is her advice to such, always kindly given.

Even in more serious cases, her good nature never fails. One morning before daylight she heard some one stealing from her woodpile, just under her bedroom window. She crept from her bed and gently raised the sash. Directly below her were a woman and a boy filling their basket from her little store. No doubt if they had asked she would have given them more than they could carry away, but as it was, she was justly indignant that those, in whom she easily recognized, in the twilight, old recipients of her bounty, should be so ungrateful. In her softest tones she began to sing,

"To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me happy, kind and good,
Just as I ought to be."

The thieving widow recognized the voice, gave a startled look upward, and fled, leaving her basket behind her.

At another time she occupied a parlor, whose window opened upon a balcony of easy access from the street. She wakened suddenly one night, with the feeling that some one had entered the room. Cautiously looking about her, she saw one man rifling her bureau drawers, and another standing by the mantelpiece, on which was her watch. Aunt Lizzie had lived too long in the army to be afraid of a couple of burglars, and resolved to frighten them off.

Sitting straight up in bed, she asked in a loud voice, "What are you looking for, boys? If it is I, here I am," and shook with laughter as they dropped everything, rushed for the open window, leaped from the balcony and ran up the street. Coolly rising, Aunt Lizzie fastened the window, and returned to her bed for another nap.

We cannot better close this chapter than by giving in Aunt Lizzie's own words her feelings towards the poor, and her opinions on the much vexed subject of benevolence.

"It does seem to me that to share with the Lord's poor now and to trust Him to share with me by-and-by is the right sort of faith. Yet many of my friends remonstrate with me, referring to my possible loss of health and old age of want. The

Lord has been so faithful to me, his sinful child, I cannot for a moment doubt Him; the Lord helps the man that helps the poor."

"Have been looking over my wardrobe to see what I can spare. I love the poor, they are my truest friends; I truly believe they give more than the rich. Money is by no means the only thing to give in this world; neither do large gifts contribute more to the happiness of the receiver than small ones. In my daily ministrations, conversing with people, I often ask what or who does most to make them happy. Almost invariably they tell of some benevolent old clergyman, whose salary has never been more than enough to barely support him, or of some poor widow who goes from house to house like an angel of mercy. It is astonishing how much one can give without money; a kind word, a helping hand, the warm sympathy of a heart that rejoices with those that do rejoice and weeps with those that weep. No person living is so poor as not to contribute something to the happiness of those around him. Helpful acts and helpful words are better than pearls and diamonds to strew along the roadside of life, and will yield a valuable harvest, as we shall find after many days."

"Received a note from a sick woman, asking me to call upon her. The note stated: 'You are called upon because you are kind to the poor.' Philanthropy is not religion, but there is no religion without philanthropy. He that is indifferent to the poor is not Christian. How to care for the poor is a great question. It is to be done not merely by feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, but yet more by throwing a religious influence around them. One of the Savior's most delightful discourses, second only to the sermon on the mount, was delivered at Jacob's well, to but one listener, and she a poor, despised Samaritan woman. How that encourages my heart to speak the truths of the gospel to all the solitary listeners I meet."

"Oh God, make me a blessing to those in want and poverty.

Let the poor as they pass my grave, point to the little spot and say: 'There lies a friend whose unwearied kindness was the constant relief of my distress, who tenderly visited my languishing bed, and supplied my suffering wants; who was a cordial to my dejected spirit, and kindly watched for my soul.'"

CHAPTER XI.

LABORS MANIFOLD.

WE propose in this chapter to give a sketch of Aunt Lizzie's general work as a Christian woman. Though her time is given almost exclusively to her vocation as the missionary of a single church, her sympathies are very broad, and she has found opportunities to assist in almost every department of Christian activity. Time would fail us to tell of all her labors in different directions, but from a few examples the rest can be inferred.

One Sunday afternoon, Aunt Lizzie on her way to a Danish Mission Sunday-school, passed a theatre which, in utter disregard of the Sabbath, was open for a *matinée*. A long line of boys, in some of whom Aunt Lizzie recognized her own Sunday-school scholars, were buying fifteen and twenty-five cent tickets. She counted two hundred and eighty lads and young men. "What," said she, "will be the future of a country that so heedlessly permits the morals of its youth to be sapped?" Sick at heart she resolved to pray over this great evil.

A fortnight later, in a prayer-meeting held after the sermon, the pastor invited those who wished the prayers of Christians to rise. A gentleman with a pale face, in a large cloak, rose up on the opposite side of the room, but after the meeting was dismissed, slipped out before any one could accost him. The next evening at the young people's meeting, a lady sat directly across the aisle from Aunt Lizzie, who noticed, every time she looked that way, that the eyes of the stranger were fastened upon her. Touched by the sadness of the face, Aunt Lizzie, as is her custom, at a pause in the meeting began to sing, "Jesus, lover of my soul," in which the congregation joined. At the words, "Other refuge have I none," the lady was visibly affected, and at the close of the hymn rose and confessed her need of Christ. The pastor called upon Aunt Lizzie to pray. She poured out her soul in faith for the conversion of the stranger. At the close of the meeting she went immediately to her, introduced herself and sought to point the way to Christ. The listener heard her with tears, and, as they parted, invited her to call at her rooms the next morning at ten o'clock.

Punctual to the moment, Aunt Lizzie was there. A little boy, three years old, opened the door for her, ran back and called, "Come, mamma, here's grandma," and then climbed at once into the visi-

tor's lap. The room was elegantly furnished. What struck Aunt Lizzie afterwards as most singular ornaments, were two mottoes hanging on the wall, "Nearer, my God, to thee," and "Simply to thy cross I cling."

A door opened, and the lady entered, accompanied by the pale gentleman whom Aunt Lizzie had seen on Sunday evening. He was introduced as the husband and father. Aunt Lizzie was glad to meet him, as she had regretted his leaving the church without a word of Christian welcome.

Husband and wife drew their chairs close to her. "Madam," said the gentleman with his eyes full of tears, "will you cease to love us when I tell you our profession? We are leading actors in a theatre." Looking up at them, Aunt Lizzie answered, "Can I cease to love whom Jesus loves? And I know that Jesus loves you." Taking his wife's hand in his affectionately, he said, "You must have peculiar sympathy for my wife; her present position is my fault, not hers. Sunday evenings, after acting in the theatre through the afternoon, we have attended your church, and have become so convinced of our guilt before God, that we have resolved, at all hazards, to discontinue our connection with the theatre. We can no longer profane God's day with such practices." Aunt Lizzie proposed that they should pray together, and after she had pleaded

with God on their behalf, she said, "My son, pray." He had lived the life of an actor in a low theatre for five years, but he knew how to pray. He told God all their sin and cried for pardon.

Afterwards they told Aunt Lizzie that they were penniless, having squandered all their money, and asked her to aid them in making an honest living. She emptied her purse, which contained but three dollars, into their hands, and went out to get something for them to do. They proved their sincerity by thankfully accepting the only employment Aunt Lizzie could find. The delicate woman worked at the machine, making overalls at a dollar a day, while her husband made paper bags. In this way they subsisted for some weeks.

After a while, Aunt Lizzie discovered that the actor had married his wife against the will of her father. The motherless girl had just graduated from a young ladies' college, and, full of romantic notions, fell in love with the handsome actor and married him. Aunt Lizzie learning that the father was a Christian, though somewhat stern, wrote him a kind letter, stating the circumstances. She then persuaded the daughter to write, but before the letter was posted, Aunt Lizzie received an answer, full of love and forgiveness, from the father. The brother also wrote inviting them to his house. They went, followed by Aunt Lizzie's entreaties to

pray and trustingly to wait for the revelation of God's will concerning them.

A few days after she received a letter stating that the Lord had provided for their maintenance. The actor, who had formerly been a compositor, had at once obtained a situation on a county paper, where he could make a comfortable living. "We are happy in Christ," they wrote; "farewell to the theatre forever; the church shall be our home while we live." Following letters have proved that this was no passing sentiment, but their fixed purpose. Thus, though Aunt Lizzie's prayers did not close the theatre, they plucked as brands from the burning, its two leading actors.

Aunt Lizzie has always had a very tender anxiety for all those who, having never known the power of God, wander off into the darkness of doubt and infidelity. Strong and true in the faith herself, she can still recognize the fact that others may not see as she sees. Instead of denouncing, she pities them. A couple of extracts from her diary will best show the workings of her mind on this important subject:

"I am satisfied every day that I can do more good by being good myself than in any other way. My varied experience teaches me that men differ as to what is right, but all believe that something is right; they differ as to what is wrong, but all believe that something is wrong."

"Called on a drunkard's wife; sought to comfort her with the words of Jesus. What power there is in those words. Before

infidels can prevent men from thinking as they ever have done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of hypocrisy, the Savior welcomed that timid repentance that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears; they must blot out those words addressed to the dying penitent, who, softened by the patience of the mighty sufferer, detected, at last, his Savior under the veil of sorrow, and implored to be remembered by Him when He came into his kingdom; they must blot out the remembrance of the tears He shed at the grave of Lazarus, not surely for him whom He was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity, for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners who could not fly to Him with Mary, and say, 'Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died.' Ah, the Bible is true, every word of it; God is true. Oh, that men could feel their need of a dying, risen Lord, their need of a Savior."

Aunt Lizzie has found that there is no remedy for doubt except the Word of God, that the Bible is its own best witness. Hence in all her encounters with infidelity, she uses no weapons except those drawn from its armory.

Some years ago, Aunt Lizzie met an old gentleman, who professed to be an infidel. Though sixty years of age, he had no knowledge of Christ. He often tried to argue with her, but she, seeing that he had no wish to know the truth, always refused to enter into any discussion with him. She told him that his first great duty was to fear God and keep His commandments. Whenever he met her on the street, he sneeringly asked, "Are you still praying?" "Yes," was the invariable reply. "For

me ?” “Certainly,” was the calm answer. One day, overcome by her anxiety for his soul, she besought him with tears to listen to her pleadings for Christ, but the old gentleman became very angry and went off in a rage.

Some time after, he was laid on his death-bed, and his family, knowing nothing of these encounters, sent for Aunt Lizzie to come and see him. Hearing some one entering the hall, he asked who it was ; and being told that it was Aunt Lizzie, he refused to see her, saying that he would rather see any one than her. Finally, one snowy Sunday, he sent for her. When she came into his room he greeted her cordially, and asked her if she had ever read “Beecher’s Prayers,” a copy of which lay on a little table by the bed. She said that she had, and that she admired them. He then called her attention to a prayer that had deeply impressed him, headed, “My need of God.” “May I read it aloud ?” asked Aunt Lizzie, and as he signified his assent, she slowly read the petition so applicable to his case, much affected herself, for she hardly had dared to hope that he would ever show so much interest in anything religious. When she finished, she said, “If you had asked me, I never could have framed a petition which would suit you so well; this prayer meets your case.” “Yes,” he answered, “I now own my need of God. Since I have been

obliged to lie here and think, I feel very differently. Teach me your plan of salvation, Aunt Lizzie, for it looks dark, I can't understand it." Rejoicing that such an opportunity was at last granted her, she said that she had no plan of her own, but that she would read to him the words of Christ. She read a few verses from the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, and said, "This is the simplicity of the gospel ; a child can receive it, and you must become a child."

As he offered no opposition, she proceeded, "I will read a prayer if you will permit," and selected the fifty-first Psalm. As she finished, he groaned aloud and said, "Place a mark there, that I may read that myself, and do pray for me." She knelt down and besought God to have mercy on the repentant man. As she left him, he said several times, "I do believe, I do believe." He enjoyed great peace during his few remaining days, and died rejoicing in Christ.

Aunt Lizzie has always been a "temperance woman." With no time to attend the meetings of the various temperance societies, she has, nevertheless, done the work of a small but active society herself, always ready to fight against the great destroyer of men's bodies and souls. While she was in the hospitals, she gave many private temperance lectures, holding her audience of one by the collar

or the button hole. In this way she often saved her boys from a worse enemy than the Confederates. Many made her their mother-confessor, and came to her for aid in their conflicts with temptation.

One youth, who had been drawn into drinking customs by his fellow-officers, was in the habit, when he found himself becoming intoxicated, of flying to Aunt Lizzie, that she might keep him from the guard-house. She often hid him under the long table in the convalescents' dining-room, and, on one occasion, had hardly concealed him, when the officer of the day came to arrest him. She sometimes threatened to expose him to his father, if he did not reform, but could never find it in her heart to do so. To-day, mainly through her entreaties and exhortations, he is a strictly temperate man, holding a high position.

Often, when convalescents were left behind to assist in the hospitals, they yielded to the temptation to drink to excess. Aunt Lizzie frequently came to their rescue by procuring orders for them to rejoin their regiments, at the front. All through the war, she proved herself, in this respect, the best friend of the soldiers.

When she came to Chicago, she continued the same line of work. Though she has never been able to induce any saloon-keeper to close his bar, she has prevailed upon a large number of drunk-

ards to enter the Washingtonian Home, of which she is a director. She finds that she must add expostulation to prayer, and many a man, devoted to his cups, has found Aunt Lizzie's prayers and entreaties too powerful for him to resist.

At times she has been a frequent visitor at the Bridewell, first going there when she labored on the south side of the city, to carry pardons that she had procured for erring girls, whom she hoped to save. Afterwards, she attended many of the Sunday afternoon services held for the benefit of the prisoners. We copy an extract from her diary.

"*Nov. 12th, 1876.*—Rode this afternoon, nine miles, out to the Bridewell to hold a meeting. I never was more divinely aided by God than on this occasion. The sight was truly appalling to me; over four hundred men and women; so many young girls, poor, helpless women! The sight quite overcame me. I asked Deacon Albro to pray for me that I might be able to deliver my message for, and in the name of Jesus. The Holy Spirit's presence was manifested in unusual power. My own heart was brought into sweet fellowship with God, as I stood before them, and besought them, in Christ's name to seek peace with God, and not to delay another hour. Over three hundred rose for prayer. I knelt down and cried to God on their behalf."

In her visits to different parts of the State, to attend Sunday-school conventions and other religious gatherings, Aunt Lizzie has always made good her opportunities to help on the great work of salvation. Two of her visits to different colleges for

girls have seemed worthy of record. The first was when she attended a meeting of the State Convention held in Greenville. She was invited to speak before the students of Almira College, but at first she refused. "What message," said she, "can an uneducated woman like myself have to those young ladies?" Shortly after, when strongly urged, she went. The young ladies were gathered in the chapel. Aunt Lizzie looked round upon them, and was impressed with the thought that they, as well as others, needed the religion of Christ. She rose and told them of her mother, who had trained her to be a Christian; then she reminded them of their own mothers, and that they must depend upon the same Savior, who had been the support of their parents. She asked if any among them were motherless. A number raised their hands. "My dear young ladies," she cried, "you of all others most need this precious Savior and Friend—you who have no mother to love and guide you." Then, knowing their necessities and the trials that would assail them, she urged them to make their life a religious one—not in selfish seclusion, but among their associates and in the world. All were melted to tears, and many resolutions to lead a true and noble life were made. At the close of the service, Aunt Lizzie stood in the doorway and spoke to each of the sixty girls as they passed out, repeating

to each a special promise from the Scriptures. Her wonderful familiarity with the Bible is shown by her ability thus, on the spur of the moment, to recall sixty different texts applicable to the occasion.

At another time she visited Illinois Female College, where she gave an address of such power and unction, that one soul, at least, was saved by it. The same evening she received a note from one of the professors, calling upon her to rejoice with him over the conversion of his daughter, who had been led to decide for Christ, by Aunt Lizzie's tender entreaties.

While Aunt Lizzie might be classed among the home-missionaries, her sympathies have never been confined to her particular field. She has always been an enthusiastic supporter of foreign missions. Though she has not been able to carry the story of the cross to the heathen, she has given of her small income to help those who have gone, and has sent, at least, one of her "dear girls," to represent her in the East. When about fifteen years of age, she attended a meeting in Auburn, New York, where Mrs. Wade, a missionary to Burmah, presented the claims of the vast, dark East to the pity and aid of Christians. Lizzie had no money in her pocket, but when the collection was taken, took off a new gold chain from her neck, and put it into the basket. The zeal then kindled in her heart has never died

out, and she has always given far beyond her means to this object.

Her sending a representative to the field, came about in this way. One day, some years since, she was called to visit an orphan girl, who was very ill, in the hospital. Aunt Lizzie saw that she had a fine, well cultivated mind, and a noble nature, and led her, by prayer and careful instruction, to the Savior. When the young Christian grew strong enough to leave the hospital, Aunt Lizzie found her a situation as teacher in an Orphan Asylum, where she remained for some time. Afterwards, feeling herself called to work more actively for the Master, she became first a home missionary, and finally went abroad to bear the glad tidings of the gospel to the benighted women of India.

Instances might be multiplied where Aunt Lizzie's example and precepts have led others into the same blessed labor to which she has consecrated her life. She counts among her friends several ladies, connected with the home mission work, who caught their first inspiration while visiting the poor with her in Chicago.

She has also labored quietly for many years in behalf of the feeble churches of our Western country. Every year she sends a box of clothing, as her own special contribution, to some destitute home-missionary, and has procured libraries for many strug-

gling Sunday-schools. She has bought with money given her, for her own personal needs, by army friends, five communion sets for poor churches, and has subscribed for benevolent objects an amount of money, almost incredible when her circumstances are considered. Some years ago, she made this entry in her journal, "I have been privileged during the last six years to give away nine hundred dollars."

Though she cannot always tell where she will find the money when she makes her subscriptions, they have never yet failed of being paid. How this comes about will easily be seen from the following extract from a letter:

"Last Sunday our annual collection for our Bridgeport Mission School was taken. Most earnestly did I pray God to open the hearts of the people to supply the wants of the church. I signed five dollars, trusting in God for the money. That afternoon, when on my way to visit one of my sick teachers, I was met by a gentleman and his wife. He is not a Christian. He handed me five dollars saying, 'I wish to pay your morning subscription. Your devotion to your religion reminds me of my beloved mother now in heaven.' God grant that I may lead this man to trust in his Lord."

It may not always be best to subscribe money for benevolent objects, when we have not the means to pay our pledges, still, Aunt Lizzie has tried the plan for many years, and has found that, if she is willing to deny herself even the necessities of life,

in order to give, she is seldom obliged to do so, but the money is provided in some unexpected manner.

That her other home mission labors are quite extensive, may be seen from the following extract from her diary, which refers to one of several places where she has helped organize Sunday-schools and churches:

“Saturday, May 12th, 1877.

“At four o'clock took the train for W. Four years ago, for the first time, I visited this people, when I organized and established a woman's meeting. Forty ladies were present, and pledged themselves to sustain it; nobly have they fulfilled their word.

“At my next visit I started a children's meeting, which has been blessed to the salvation of souls. The next year a Baptist church was organized. They now have a neat little chapel.”

Nor are Aunt Lizzie's sympathies restricted to the church. As we have seen, owing to the ill-health of her mother, the care of the family devolved upon her when she was still a young girl, and she was prevented from obtaining an education. Her intense disappointment and regret that she could not gratify her thirst for knowledge, has made her always a friend and helper of students. For them she has ever an encouraging word, and a kindly sympathy.

She was in Peoria, earning her living as a nurse, when the University of Chicago was founded. Her little farm at Brimfield had been rented; five cows,

belonging to her, were still there. She had been deeply interested in the University from the very first, and when an agent came to Peoria, soliciting funds for its support, she gave, as her contribution, forty dollars, the price of one of her cows. If Aunt Lizzie's purse were as large as her heart, there would no longer be any necessity for lamentation over churches in debt, or unendowed institutions of learning.

Yet the story of Aunt Lizzie's life would be incomplete, if it did not include her arduous labors after the great fire of 1871.

On the fatal Sunday evening, when the fire began, she sat in church with her friend, Mrs. Irons, who was, at that time, living in Chicago. The next morning, alarmed for her safety, Aunt Lizzie started for her house, but met her flying from the flames. Aunt Lizzie, being less excited, saw that there was no immediate danger, and persuaded her friend to return, and together they succeeded in rescuing a part of the household goods, and the portrait of Colonel Irons. Aunt Lizzie then conducted Mrs. Irons to a place of safety, and went on her way to help find shelter for other unfortunates.

Tuesday morning, Aunt Lizzie went to the Congregational Church, on the corner of Washington and Green streets, to offer her services. Mr. Snider the chairman of the committee for feeding the

multitude, at once appointed her to superintend the young ladies and gentlemen, who were busy preparing meals from the provisions that already began to pour in from neighboring towns. This work she continued for two days, seeing that the tables were supplied as quickly as they were cleared by the hungry crowds that flocked there to be fed.

On Thursday, the committee were obliged to vacate the church, which was needed by the city government for other purposes. They decided to move to the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Snider announced that in two hours and a half they would feed the people at that place. "Now," cried Aunt Lizzie, "let us show them in how short a time a regiment can be moved." All worked with a will, and in less than the prescribed time two hundred were seated and eating in the Scotch Church.

On Saturday, the Second Baptist Church was turned into a hospital, and Aunt Lizzie was called home to help care for the sick. Here she worked with the other ladies of the congregation for nearly a month. The main audience room of the church was converted into a lodging-room; the Bible-class room was a hospital, and the infant-class room was a refectory. The halls were full of provisions and clothing. All winter the work of distribution went on, people standing in long lines, even in the severest weather, to receive whatever could be given

away. Donations came from all parts of the country, and still, during the first months of the winter, Aunt Lizzie wrote to her friends only to apply to them for aid. Whatever time she could spare from the work at the church was devoted to visiting the sufferers in the hastily built barracks.

During all the years that have elapsed since Aunt Lizzie left Memphis, she has been followed by the friendship and kindness of her "soldier boys" and their families. At first they sent her frequent gifts of money, but finding that she gave it all away in charity, they gradually changed the form of their gifts, and now send her articles of dress instead, keeping her wardrobe supplied with many things that she would not think of buying. By numberless acts of kindness, and frequent visits, they have proved how dear she is to their hearts. With "Mother Sturgis," she maintained a correspondence for some years. Five years ago they met, for the last time, in Peoria, and parted on the bridge in Spring street, the same spot where, thirteen years before, they had pledged themselves to labor together in the hospitals.

CHAPTER XII.

PROMINENT TRAITS.

AN elaborate analysis of Aunt Lizzie's character will not be needed; the whole story of her life proves that she is no ordinary woman. Still, the salient points of her disposition reveal so distinctly the causes of her success, that we may be pardoned for enumerating them.

Energy that never tires, and enthusiasm that at times seems akin to genius, are tempered in her character by rare common sense, and even shrewdness. The latter trait is illustrated in an amusing manner by the following incident: An old gentleman and his wife, former friends of Aunt Lizzie, when she lived on Rock River, called upon her in Chicago. They surprised her by saying that they had forsaken the religion in which they had formerly believed, and had embraced Spiritualism. They averred that she would share their faith, if she would give the least attention to the matter. To satisfy them, she accepted their invitation to accompany them to a seance, and judge for herself. In a darkened room, spirits

of the departed were supposed to communicate with their friends. Voices were heard, and hands were thrust out from the shadow. One of the latter, Aunt Lizzie was told, belonged to her sister Roxy, who had been dead for twenty years. "If it is my sister's hand," thought she, "I have a perfect right to take hold of it." Immediately she seized it in both her own, and, turning to her aged friends, exclaimed: "Do spirits possess flesh and bones, as I see this creature has?" The "spirit" struggled to free itself from her grasp, but Aunt Lizzie held it firmly, and proceeded: "The Bible says, 'flesh and blood shall not inherit the kingdom of God.'" The seance broke up suddenly; Aunt Lizzie's lack of faith prevented any further spiritual manifestations.

From her earliest childhood she has always been distressed at the sight of suffering, and has been utterly incapable of inflicting it on even the meanest creature. Yet so intense is her sympathy and desire to help, that the young girl who indignantly rejected her father's offer of a new silk dress, on condition that she would kill a turkey for dinner, stood, as a woman, by the soldier's cot, and held his hand, that she might help him endure some painful amputation.

The trait of her character, that most frequently gets the better of Aunt Lizzie, is her generosity.

It might almost be termed a passion. "Tell me," I said to her one day, "what became of all your household goods—you had such stores of everything of the kind, at the beginning." "O," was the answer, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, "I gave the greater part of them away."

Mrs. Irons frequently writes to her such words as these: "My sister Lizzie's tokens of love are in every nook and corner of our little home. My eyes cannot turn in any direction without seeing something that you have placed there." But the most striking instances of her generosity are to be seen in her dealings with the poor. We have already noted some of them. We will give one more: Coming home, one wet night, she found a poor, forlorn girl waiting to see her. The wretched creature had no shelter, and was clothed in rags. As she told of her misery, she lifted her tattered skirt and showed her feet, blue with cold, and encased only in a pair of old shoes. Aunt Lizzie saw hanging on the clothes-horse near by, a pair of her own woollen stockings just ironed. "Here," said she, "poor child, put these on." Her landlady remonstrated: "Aunt Lizzie," she exclaimed, "what are you about? you know very well that you have not another pair of woollen stockings in the world, except those on your feet; you have given away all the rest." "Never mind," was the answer, "she needs them

more than I; God will provide." The poor girl went away warmed and fed. The next afternoon, Aunt Lizzie was invited out to tea. During the evening her hostess showed her a quantity of new clothing, and, seeing in the corner of the bureau drawer a pile of thick woollen stockings, said, "Take two pair, Aunt Lizzie, these were knit for me by a kind old relative in the country, but I never wear them." Thus the Lord returned to her double what she gave away.

Her energy exhibits itself in the vigor with which she prosecutes her work. Rarely indeed does her diary record a day spent in attending to her own affairs. Neither the severest weather, nor the most untoward circumstances prevent her from administering to the needy. During the prevalence of the epizootic, when no horses were seen in the streets of Chicago, Aunt Lizzie, visiting the poor, walked a long distance, and, when too weary to take another step, found herself far from home. Help was, however, at hand; two young men, members of her own congregation, saw her sitting dejectedly on a doorstep, and understanding the case at a glance, went for a buggy and dragged her home themselves.

In seeking for the cause of Aunt Lizzie's success, we find that she lives a life of faith. She most thoroughly believes that if God gives her work to do, He will bestow the ability to perform it. Those

who have heard her pray must have felt that she has the utmost confidence in God. She never seems to have any doubt of her Guide, or of His interest in her as an individual. This gives her great power. Being thoroughly converted herself, she can work for others.

A strong religious instinct lies at the very basis of her nature. From her childhood she has delighted in studying the Bible, and her soul has been filled with love and reverence for God. "My Sabbaths," she writes in her diary, "are my days of delight. The other days of this short life seem like a passing dream. I always look with anxiety to the weather. I watch the clouds, and my heart feels easy only when I enter the sanctuary of the Lord. I ask God to help me worship Him this day, at least, with an undivided affection."

Joined to this trust in God, we find a cheerful, courageous disposition, that makes the best of everything, and is not daunted by difficulties. Great as have been her troubles, she does not brood over them, seldom ever mentions them, so that many persons who have been acquainted with her for years know nothing of her greatest sorrow—her long separation from her husband. She does not wear her heart upon her sleeve, but putting her own griefs aside, she rejoices in all that is good, and adapts herself easily to the circumstances of others.

Physically, she has always been a woman capable of great and continued exertion. The surgeons, with whom she labored in the hospitals, often remarked the steadiness of her nerves in the most trying moments, and knew that, whoever might flinch, they could always rely upon Aunt Lizzie. This nervous strength gives her the power of bringing things to pass, which she possesses to a remarkable degree.

Those who have read the extracts from her diary, in some of the chapters of this book, need not be told that Aunt Lizzie possesses a superior intellect. Yet these excerpts give but a faint idea of the eloquence with which she sometimes speaks on a subject which excites and interests her. Aunt Lizzie often regrets her lack of education, but she has been endowed with gifts that education could hardly have enhanced.

It is due to Aunt Lizzie to say that it was with the greatest difficulty that I drew from her the facts concerning her work. She invariably began to speak in praise of some one else, and had to be continually interrupted with the question, "But what did *you* do, Aunt Lizzie?" or with the remark, "That is all very well, but I am trying to find out something about yourself." She generally answered that her mother always taught her not to speak of herself. The principal facts recorded in this book,

have been drawn from letters written to her nearest relatives and friends, and from her diary, written, in later years, for no eye save her own.

Only once during her twelve years in Chicago, has she allowed her private sorrows to interfere with her labors. She had not visited her widowed mother for many years, but in 1869 she had saved sufficient money to take her to Vermont, and had made every preparation to spend her short vacation at the old homestead. But her sister Laura was ill in Illinois, and the anxious mother wrote that she preferred that Lizzie should care for her sister. Thus she lost the last opportunity of seeing her aged parent on earth.

When Laura had recovered, and Aunt Lizzie was again at her work in Chicago, Mrs. Atherton could not repress her longing to see her oldest child. She begged her, if she could not come to her, to write her a long, comforting letter. The aged lady was sitting, apparently in perfect health, knitting a stocking for her absent daughter, when the letter was handed her. She read it through, prayed fervently for her child, then went to her own room, and in a few minutes was found, by her grandchildren, in a dying condition.

Aunt Lizzie, as she started on her day's round of visits, met the post-man at the door. When he handed her the black-edged letter, she ran back to

the old lady, with whom she lived: "My mother has gone. I am sure it is my mother," she cried. She read the letter on her knees, and spent the day alone with God. The last earthly prop had been removed, and she was overcome by the most poignant grief.

Aunt Lizzie never could have accomplished half that she has been enabled to do as missionary, but for the perfect confidence placed in her by the church for which she labors, and their hearty appreciation of her worth. They also act as her special guardian, watching over her tenderly and caring for her, knowing, as they do, how completely she ignores herself.

Her own love for them is most beautifully expressed in her journal, on the occasion of a severe illness: "How I have enjoyed these few days at home. All my thinkings and doings are now with God. He is my all in all. I feel such a sacred nearness to my Savior. I lean my weary, worn-out head upon Him. What a privilege thus to unburden my whole heart—my tried and weary, my tempted and sorrowful heart; tried by sin, tried by Satan, tried by those I love. Precious Jesus, how amply hast thou met my every want, and cared for all my necessities of body, soul and spirit. Thou hast put love into the hearts of all my dear sisters, who are so tender, and kind, and loving to thy

lonely one, bearing with all my many infirmities, and helping me patiently to endure my weaknesses. My grateful heart blesses Thee, my God, for placing me in this dear church. My selfish soul longs to breathe out its last moments on earth, here in the bosom of this church, with these dear sisters to watch over me, and finally to close my eyes, when I shall re-open them in glory. O, to be there; O, to see Jesus face to face. But a little while, and I shall be forever with my Lord."

TO THE READER :

If by reading "The Story of Aunt Lizzie Aiken" you have learned to love her, will you aid her by recommending the book to others? Could you not secure an order for one or more copies?

The profit on all books sold by the undersigned is devoted to a fund for the benefit of Aunt Lizzie.

The book will be sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00.

Address,

MISS ELLEN M. SPRAGUE,

350 Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

F Anderson 3710
540
.A23 The story of Aunt Lizzie
Aiken

SPECIAL COLL.

F Anderson 3710
540
.A23 The story of Aunt
Lizzie Aiken

JUL 14 80
MAR 23 81

6195
1394

**SAUK VALLEY COLLEGE
LRC
DIXON, IL 61021**

SAUK VALLEY CC LIBRARY



3 1516 00016 2121

